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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. V. APRIL 1, 1818. No. XXVIII.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

Mr. Carey's *Remarks*—The White Lace Gown—*and* Hamet, an Eastern Tale, *in our next.*

We have been again under the necessity of deferring a variety of poetical contributions, and also the Selections intended for insertion in our last Number.

We should have been happy to gratify C. C. *could we have done so without danger of involving ourselves in a very unpleasant discussion.*

Harriet *will find an answer to her question in any reputable System of Botany.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE 19.—THE WATERFALL OF PISSEVACHE.

Pursuing the road through the Valais, between St. Maurice and Martigny, the traveller is suddenly stopped by the magnificent waterfall of Pissevache. It is formed by the torrent of La Salenche, which falls upwards of 700 feet; but its last perpendicular fall, that is here represented, is not more than 250 or 300 feet. Its abundant and foaming waters roll impetuously over enormous masses of black rocks; they are received in a spacious circular basin, whence they precipitate themselves to the road, after working several mills. A small bridge thrown across the torrent, and some cabins covered with blocks of granite, heighten the picturesque effect of this grand picture. The cascade separates in its fall in an infinite number of small portions, which burst and evaporate in fine coloured spray. The rays of the sun, at its rising, tinge it with a thousand hues, and paint in it a thousand rainbows.

This waterfall does not exhibit the same smooth and undulating sheet as several other fine cascades of Switzerland, such as the Staubbach: it is an impetuous torrent, the waters of which, broken by the craggy points of the rocks, exhibit to the view nothing but agitation and confusion. But how could the pencil express the varying and rapid effects of these tumultuous falls! How could the painter's colours render with truth that incessant and diversified motion, always majestic but always inconstant, of which imagination alone can retrace the complete impression, because it combines with it the noise and agitation inseparable from such a sight!

The little mount, formed of matters carried down by the river, is accessible on two sides, and the cascade may be viewed very near. The drawing was taken from a hillock, where the travellers are assembled. The road to Martigny

winds along in the back of the picture; it is terminated by the mountains which bound the Valais on the south; the top of the glacier which rises above them is that of Mont Combin, on the ridge of which is the celebrated *Hospice* of the Great St. Bernard.

MISCELLANIES.

PL. 20.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER XVIII.

From my Prison, in the night between the 7th and 8th of Jan.

A PRISONER!—what an odious word! From my youth it has always sounded horribly in my ears, and you cannot conceive how disagreeably the idea of it has always affected my nerves. I never pass a gaol but the thought of chains pierces through marrow and bone; nor could I ever find in my heart to shut up even the most ordinary bird in a cage, for the loss of liberty must certainly be equally distressing to all, whether the feathers belong to a humming-bird or a hedge-sparrow. So habitual is this feeling, that were it even to interrupt me in the most profound contemplation of the glory of God, I could not help opening the door for my dog or my cat the moment that either of them should scratch to be let out.

Thanks be to Providence, I was never before in such a situation as at present: you may easily imagine, Edward, how severely I must feel it. From the little that I have gone through to-day, I can conjecture what would become of me if it were to last as many years as it has done hours. All the good qualities of soul and body would be paralysed. In a prison, were I to have friends about me, I should learn to hate them; nay, I verily believe, that were the three Graces themselves confined with me, I should be like the captive elephant, and that there would be no danger of posterity to arraign my continence.

It is to me incomprehensible how there can exist persons, who, in spite of this natural feeling, can fribble away their time in feasting, hunting, and public diversions, knowing, as they do, that meanwhile their rigour or their arrogance detains creatures organized like themselves in chains and fetters. Woe to the sovereign who can commit this power, which nothing but a higher duty than pity can justify, to rash, imbecile, or wicked hands—who does not loosely hold the bridle which he imposes upon liberty—who, instead of erecting palaces, which his successors will suffer to decay, does not rather exercise his fondness for building in the improvement of the prisons, in enlarging their court-yards, in planting them with trees and flowers—and who presumes to exclude even the worst of criminals from the blessings of the sun, though ordained by the Supreme Judge to shine alike upon the good and the evil, upon the just and the unjust!

But what shall I say of you, who have refined upon the art of tor-

menting your fellow-creatures to such a degree, as not only to imprison their bodies, but also their souls—who cut off from them all food for their minds—who deny the use of books, pen, and ink—and allow the wretched no other recreation than the painful contemplation of their misery?

The compensation which my writing-table now affords me for the loss of the hours that I have been obliged to throw away, teaches me how painful it must be to have the current of our thoughts confined within ourselves, and to be prevented from pouring it into the heart of a fellow-creature. How highly, dearest Edward, though far from thee, do I now prize thy presence! and what a jewel is my pen all at once become to me!

But to return, after this long *tirade*, to the history of this eventful day. When I was compelled by the serious aspect of affairs to tear myself from you, and had laid aside my journal, I seated myself in my arm-chair, to consider what was to be done. Friends are naturally the first thing for which every person more or less oppressed looks round; but unluckily I found this prospect much more circumscribed here than in any other place in the world. You know how small is the circle of my acquaintance in this place. Besides my two accusers, it includes only three other creatures—call them men if you please—each of whom seems to me more unfit than the other for any kind of enterprise. On the wretched dolt in purple, to whom I was recommended by the uncle of the marquise, no rational person could surely place any reliance. A fellow whose head is wholly occupied with the three wonderful stones of Sancta Clara de Montefalcone, would infallibly spoil any business which required a single grain of common sense. Fez the bookseller, who is equally absorbed by something or other—Heaven knows what—in Clara the second, which, though it may not lie so deep as those demonstrations of the Trinity, yet concentrates all the rays of his mind as into one focus—could he be induced to interfere in the concerns of another, they must certainly be of such a nature as to be capable of affording him more pleasing intelligence on the subject over which his imagination broods, than I am able to do. And as for Laura's keeper, he is as fixed as a statue. Where legs are necessary—and they certainly are for soliciting—he is of no use; and in such an affair as this, it is not to be expected that my judges will take the trouble to go to him. Nevertheless, as we can derive from our friends such benefit only as they are capable of affording, the head of the converted Jew seemed to me to deserve, even without legs, the preference to the two others. Conversant as he is with Petrarch, he will but smile at my weakness with Clara; and the harmony to which the poet has accustomed his ear, will render it impossible for him to find an episcopal jest in the cries of a wretch upon the scaffold. Besides, has he not in his daily and hourly intercourse with strangers had abundant opportunities of becoming acquainted with the good side of a heretic? and then who could calculate more accurately than he the benefits of toleration?—Without farther consideration,

therefore, I sat down to my writing-table, informed the honest fellow of my extraordinary confinement, cloaked the occasion of it as well as I could, and to convince him the more fully of my innocence, I inclosed the last Dutch ducat that I possessed.

When my despatch was ready, I went to the window, and waited for the return of Bastian, that I might send him off with it. I soon perceived him running across the street. But you should have seen how he stood before the house, how he listened after every knock at the door, and how wild he looked when he discovered that he was cut off from his master! I called to him, and absolutely frightened him by the plaintive tone with which, in my distress, I pronounced his name. How he looked up! His sister's eyes could not have expressed greater astonishment, had I, on that critical evening, actually cheated the poor girl out of the little domestic remedy which she brought me, though without any sign of the cross, yet certainly more innocently than the vaunted Clara. It was the second time since new-year's day that I had been reminded of the good Margot, and you cannot believe, Edward, how pleasing was the recollection; so much so, that it almost made me forget her brother and his mission. It seemed as if he himself was afraid to disturb me in my delicious reverie. He opened his lips once or twice, before he could find in his heart to communicate the news which he had brought from the post-office; namely, that the legate had forbidden my being furnished with horses, the devil knew for what reason. His doleful voice, and his hasty looks first at me and then at the knocker, shewed but too plainly how closely that prohibition was connected in his mind with the locked-up house; and his intelligence had such an effect upon me, as to bring me quickly back from Margot's bosom to my far less agreeable situation, and I delayed no longer to drop my letter. Bastian caught it very adroitly in his hat; and it was not till then that I perceived the impropriety of opening a communication through a window. The few words which we had exchanged had already assembled a number of inquisitive persons round the house; one imparted his conjectures to the other, and they put together before my face a story, which I should have been glad to hear, and which will probably furnish a topic of conversation to the whole town. Some patriots even thought themselves authorised to detain my messenger, and to demand his despatches. But here it was clearly evinced how excellent a passport is a good name; for no sooner had they read the address to the keeper of Laura's grave, than they took off their hats, and suffered the letter to proceed to its destination, smiling as though they fancied they could guess what it contained.

Scarcely had I closed the only aperture that was accessible to me, and returned to my arm-chair, when I perceived but too plainly by the cravings of my stomach that my dinner hour was past. French politeness, said I to myself, will surely not let you famish before you are condemned. Even in thick-blooded Germany, Justice, which every

where acts consistently, despatches none to the other world without giving him a hearty parting meal. The culprit's head is not struck off till the *migraine* has left it, and the sick robber is not strangled till he is cured of his quinsy.

These thoughts, suggested by hunger, were interrupted by a circumstance which gave them a different, but in no respect better, direction. My female neighbours, and Bastian too, returned. The doors were opened, and my dinner brought in. If this produced a change in my situation, it was, nevertheless, accompanied with circumstances with which I would willingly have dispensed. The aunt and niece brought with them a reinforcement which I did not like. The old woman was conducted by a sallow *procureur*, and what vexed me most, Clara tripped across the street arm in arm with the dean. When my door was opened, the dishes were brought in, not by Bastian, whom I so anxiously expected, but by two papal soldiers—and fellows more shabby and emaciated could not have been selected to make me fully sensible of my present impotence. These squalid attendants took away all my appetite. Whoever has seen Prussian troops would have some difficulty to suppress his laughter at the sight of these ecclesiastical soldiers: but this risible inclination in me was completely suppressed by the anger I felt at being so wretchedly guarded. The two famished fellows seemed to like their office still less than I did. They retired slowly and gravely to the door, and there planted themselves one on each side of it. Their looks, which were meanwhile as invariably fixed upon the dishes as if they had never before seen a boiled fowl, would have convinced any historian that they had not served under a Henry the Fourth. I could not have played these poor wretches a more scurvy trick than to have consumed the smoking viands at my ease before their eyes. But, setting aside the physical causes that forbade this, I should have been prevented by a certain delicacy of feeling which always accompanies me to table, and which is desirous of banishing from its vicinity every sight of misery, every idea of oppression. The most impure juices must, as I thought, course through my veins, if I could satiate myself in the presence of one doomed to famish without sharing my morsel with him.

I, therefore, gave up my dinner to these beggars, with whom, when I duly considered the matter, nothing but my folly in the adjoining room brought me acquainted, and I was only sorry that my generosity cost me so little, for the gratitude expressed in their lack-lustre eyes would have amply compensated for the utmost denial of my palate.—"Go, my good fellows," said I, interrupting their thanks, "carry these things into the ante-room, and much good may they do you! When you send my servant to me he shall fetch you a couple of bottles of wine, and please yourselves whether you drink to the pope's health or mine."

There can scarcely be a more speedy method of effecting a counter-revolution than that which I thus employed. My guards were so completely won by my conde-

scension and kindness, that it would have cost me but a word to direct the weapons provided to secure me against my persecutors, and to make prisoners of the *procureur*, the old woman, her niece, and the dean. But as I must have stormed the post before I could procure horses, and have treated the city and suburbs, too, before I could overthrow the authority of a man, who, by virtue of the office of the keys, has so long governed them; I gave up the idea, and was satisfied for the present with the advantage which I had already gained, inasmuch as the garrison of my ante-room now suffered my Bastian to pass freely and unmolested, without caring about our private conversation.

"Suppress your curiosity just now," said I as he entered, with looks of astonishment, "and first satisfy mine. Tell me as briefly as you can, how my friend the sexton received my message."--"Ah!" replied Bastian, "I hope you will be able to make something more out of the good man's palaver than I can. What your letter was about, I don't know, but in the answer, at least the verbal one which he gave me, there is not a single atom of sober sense."—"That's the way with all oracles," rejoined I; "the inquirer must first put sense into them. But let us hear!"—"When he had stowed away the ducat inclosed in your letter," resumed Bastian, "and read it deliberately through, he shook his head at some passages, spoke through his nose, and repeated his nonsense several times that I might not forget it:—'Make my salutations to your master. Tell him not to fret or wonder that he should be a loser at Avignon in a quarrel with two saints. If the renowned Concordia has, perhaps from well-intended motives, prevented him from entering the domain of the harmonious Cecilia, it is to be hoped that she will elsewhere compensate him tenfold for her seeming cruelty. Let him but quickly remove the difficulties'—I assure you, sir, this is word for word what he said—'which this *elsewhere* occasions. The means are in his own power. Let him but recollect the ingenious ideas by which he rendered his conversation so agreeable to me.'" — "Surely," cried I, interrupting my ambassador, "the fellow must be mad, or making game of me!"—"Likely enough!" replied Bastian.—"But proceed."—"'Farther, tell your master,'" resumed Bastian, imitating to the life the sexton's harsh nasal twang, "'he has only to rub his eyes, and look across the street, when the dwarf, who alone can recall the burned from their ashes, will appear to him.'"—Here I lost all patience, and springing from my chair, "What the devil," I exclaimed, "am I to make out of this gallimaufry? But so it is when a fool thinks to imitate a great poet. Because his Petrach will for ever and ever remain unintelligible to him, the dolt imagines, I suppose, that Laura's spirit would take it amiss if the keeper of her grave were to express himself more clearly. Go back to him instantly, and tell him to seek a different butt for his humour, as I will another master for the ducat, which I desire him to return——But stop a moment." I walked angrily to the window, and had not long gazed with vacant

looks at the street, when I encountered an object which at one glance solved the intricate enigma. It was no other than the dwarfish figure of my friend Fez, leaning against his shop, and staring me plump in the face.--"Right!" cried I, "my good Fez, it is nobody but you that can deliver me from my captivity. You are the dwarf to whom the oracle directs me. Make haste, Bastian; reach me those backs of books one after the other, from the heap that lies by the grate. I'll soon make a list of their deceitful titles——One to seventeen! There they are! Now, Bastian, take this paper to our neighbour the bookseller, and let him put down the prices at which he will engage to furnish these rare works." The other half of the riddle was resolved with equal facility; and I discovered, without much seeking, that the good ideas which had so pleased my indulgent friend, the wit so highly relished in all countries and applicable to all processes, consisted in —a full purse. I took out mine, and surveyed it with pleasure; and as it is decreed that I am to pay for all my follies, I determined to do it with the best grace and like a person of consequence.

My good-humour returned during these reflections in the same ratio as my hunger, which had become extremely keen, when Bastian returned and handed to me the statement of the exorbitant charge of M. Fez. I threw it carelessly on the table. "Make haste, Bastian," cried I, "let me have something good for dinner, and bring me a bottle of Sillery, that I may forget I am still at Avignon."

How much vexation might we spare ourselves, if we had only learned to avoid the dark aspect of those adverse events which befal us in our passage through life, and to seek the cheerful side alone which every human occurrence presents, if we but knew how to turn it properly! A violent and painful death itself may excite a smile, in the certainty that the tyrant by whom it is inflicted, has not the power to extend it beyond a short span of time. I would undertake to endure it with magnanimity, and with derision of the impotence of my enemy, as we are told is the practice of the captive savages; and cheer myself up with the idea, that my immortal spirit will in the everlasting hereafter laugh as heartily at the demolition of its prison-house, as we now jest at the most vehement pain of a quarter of a second. I cannot possibly suppose that I shall then feel the least inclination to call to account the fools who here tugged at my frail tenement, or to wish them so much as an ague for their punishment. Let them fare as God pleases. Revenge is to me so disagreeable a sentiment, that I am soon weary of it, and should not even wish to give my adversaries the advantage of strengthening their malice against me by the excitement of this repulsive feeling.

This noble idea accompanied me to table, and attended me till I rose from dinner, when it was superseded by one of a different kind. "What a pleasant evening," sighed I, "should I now enjoy if I were in Berlin! I should fetch my Edward to go to the play, or to some other rational amusement. Who shall play for me here? How

am I to amuse myself, how to promote digestion, with a full stomach, in the space of twenty square yards?"—My previous philosophical speculations would doubtless have been delivered to the winds, had they not been somewhat held together by the hopes that I placed in the efficacy of my well-filled purse. I cautiously opened the door, saw my guards comfortably seated at their table, and beckoned to Bastian.—"Seek to obtain admittance into the next room," said I to him, "and submit to the persons assembled there the following proposals: Tell them in the first place, that I am heartily sorry for the circumstance which has occasioned my arrest, but that I am willing to make amends for it in every way—don't forget this expression, for it is of consequence. Then deliver to the dean the list of the burned books. Tell him that I will pay for them at the prices affixed, and also add something for the damaged volumes. Give the *procureur* to understand, that I will cheerfully make him compensation for his time. Beg pardon most humbly in my name of the old aunt, for my precipitate conduct towards her—and assure the pious Clara, that for the offence which I have given her, I intend to found a donation of two tapers to the altar of St. Cecilia, and leave her to fix their size and weight:—that I am ready to fulfil these terms this very evening; and, on the other hand, expect that the assembly will not oppose any farther obstacle to my departure early tomorrow morning, or even this very night."—A profuse offer—don't you think so, Edward?—I was aware that it was when I made it, but by my troth, I felt too that I could submit to still greater sacrifices to extricate myself from a scrape that I considered the most silly in which an honest man was ever involved. I will try, thought I, to make up for this uncalculated expense by economy in some other particular, and let Bastian go, without being able to prevail upon myself to retract one single *sou*. You will see that I lost nothing by my liberality.

After a good quarter of an hour, Bastian planted himself before my arm-chair, in which I was by this time nodding. He hemmed, and I awoke. "Well," said I, "are the horses put to already?"—"Not yet," replied the poor fellow, and the tears started into his eyes.—"What is the matter, Bastian?" cried I hastily.—"Ah sir!" said he, "the assembly has rejected your proposals."—"Rejected, say you?" rejoined I, looking angrily at him. "Let's hear then!"—"You will see, sir," resumed Bastian, "that I have done every thing in the world that was possible to be done in such an intricate affair; but we have to deal with hearts of stone. I knocked—the aunt, who opened the door, turned as red as a turkey-cock the moment she saw me. I made a most profound obeisance to them all, and first addressed myself to the dean, who was sitting, opposite to a large looking-glass, upon a sofa covered with light yellow satin, with—if I am not mistaken—lilac stripes and white fringe——"—"Oh!" cried I interrupting him, "spare this description—I know already where it stands, and how it looks."—"I then proceeded to the *procureur*, from him to the aunt,

ended with Clara, and waited for my message. And what do you think it was? Be not too much alarmed, my dear master, but it is my duty to pour you out clear wine."—" Only do it quickly," said I laughing, " otherwise your friends without will leave none for you."—This hint had the desired effect. " The dean," continued my prolix ambassador in a much more compressed style, " first spoke with so much dignity, that I could not help trembling. ' Is it possible,' said he, ' that a man guilty of such crimes as your master, can presume to insult justice with such paltry offers? and that you, my friend, who have been born and bred in the pure faith, should not be afraid to be the bearer of such proposals? Is not your master's property, however great it may be, become confiscated, by the atrocious deed which he has committed, to the exchequer of his holiness? and shall his judges condescend to treat with him on the subject of his punishment? He has not only repaid the hospitality of our country with the blackest ingratitude, not only sacrilegiously destroyed the treasures of the pious institution which afforded him protection, but has perfidiously annihilated the instruments with which our godly predecessors furnished this house for the propagation of religion and virtue.'—' He has conducted himself more abominably than Herostratus,' cried the *procureur*, assuming a very learned look, ' for he only burned the temple of the idol Diana; whereas this man, leagued with Satan, has laid the edifice of our holy faith in ashes.'—' He has insulted me and God,' screamed old Bertilia.—' He has sneered at all the saints,' responded Clara.—' Such abominations,' resumed her neighbour the dean, ' are not to be expiated with gold and silver.'—' I should like to see him burning,' cried the hag.—' And I should not shed a tear for him,' said the niece. —' To-morrow,' thundered the *procureur*, ' your unworthy master shall learn with whom he has to do. The act of accusation will soon be ready, and he will have some difficulty to answer it.'—' And now retire, my friend,' said the dean, with so stern a look as I never wish to see again: —' tell your master—for so he still is—what you have seen and heard. To-morrow will teach him another lesson!"—" And what will it teach me," cried I, with mingled indignation and contempt, " that I do not know to-day?—that this tribunal is composed of the basest hypocrites, more reprobate than even those whom I sacrificed to Rousseau. I defy them. Am I not a subject of Frederic the Great and the Wise? Though at this distance, his name will protect me. And as for you, my good Bastian, be under no concern about me. Go, drink your wine, and let the poor soldiers want for nothing. You have ordered supper for them, I hope. Enjoy yourselves during my captivity. I shall require nothing more of you to-day, except a candle when it grows dark."

Between ourselves, Edward, I must acknowledge that my feelings belied the heroism which I feigned towards my dejected Bastian. The name of my sovereign, whatever weight it may have elsewhere, will make as little impression on this crew as upon the natives of Terra

del Fuego. If you fall into the hands of savages, they will roast you, even though you were a chamberlain to his Prussian majesty, or a knight of the Black Eagle. It is only among civilized and enlightened nations that such considerations have any effect; and there indeed they have screened many greater criminals than I am from inquiry.

THE REEDS OF THE TIBER.

By Madame DE GENLIS.

(Concluded from p. 145.)

ROZEVAL kept a journal, in which he every morning wrote down his thoughts, his meditations, and an account of the supposed prodigies of which he fancied himself the object. He went into his study as usual as soon as he was dressed. In this study there was a window with a large balcony, in which was placed an immense box full of flowers, which occupied its whole extent. Rozeval opened the window, and was petrified with astonishment on seeing among the flowers in the box three stately reeds, which, through the motion of the window, that had just been opened, resounded melodiously. These reeds were above eight feet high; they were harmonious. Rozeval could not help recognising the reeds of the Tiber, transported thither by a divine hand—and this was the heavenly music which he had heard during the night. He felt no doubt respecting this new prodigy; nevertheless he questioned his servant, who protested, with an air of the most perfect candour, that the preceding evening, during his absence, he had not for a moment quitted the house, and that nobody had approached his apartment. Rozeval had before no doubt on the subject, and who could tell the impression which the mere sight of the reeds of the Tiber must produce on him? His sentiments and his actions were alike unknown; his life was but a series of miracles, and he imagined that they were thus multiplied only for the purpose of informing him, that his exile would soon be at an end, and that he would soon rejoin the angel who called him in so many ways.

The reader will easily guess, that his servant deceived him, and that, bribed by Rosanna, he had been instrumental in placing the reeds in the midst of the box of flowers. In the afternoon of the same day, Rozeval went out with the intention of visiting the cottages situated not far from the reeds of the Tiber. He there found great distress; he relieved their inmates, and left all the consolations which pity can add to beneficence. On quitting them, he strolled in his reverie to the gardens of the Villa Borghèse, which he did not recollect: a slight shower suddenly came on; all that were in the gardens hastened away, and Rozeval was left entirely alone. He walked at random, and approached a magnificent cascade, when, seized with inexpressible agitation, he suddenly stopped. What he heard had nothing vague about it—it was not the aërial

sounds produced by the reeds of the Tiber, but real music; it was the beautiful sonata of Corelli executed in symphony!—It was still light. Rozeval looked around on all sides; as far as his eye could reach, he could see neither orchestra nor musician; he was alone!—Trembling, confounded, he advanced towards the cascade: the music became louder the nearer he approached: it was there, it was in the falls and brilliant sheets of this silvery water that the enchantment resided. Rozeval discovered to a certainty that it was the noise of the cascade itself which produced the execution of the sonata of Corelli, so enchanting to him*. "Oh!" cried Rozeval, "this affecting music, which during our happy days on earth so often served as the interpreter of our innocent passion, thou hast then placed in heaven! Thy soul was so pure that thou hast carried with thee into eternity all the sentiments which animated it in this mortal state! Ye sounds, which are become divine, since ye are repeated by the angels, and are mingled in the praises of the Almighty, with what holy enthusiasm ought I to listen to you!—What ear is worthy to hear you? Far from me be all the worldly recollections which you might awaken! Complete the purification of my soul!" With these words he dropped on one knee, remained silent, and so violent was his emotion that it exhausted his strength; his head sunk on his breast, and he fell upon the grass and fainted away. He remained senseless nearly an hour, and no one came to assist him: but fortunately the rain having ceased, several persons returned to the gardens; among them happened to be Lorenzi, who approaching the cascade, recognised Rozeval, flew to his assistance, took him in his arms, and carried him from the cascade into a pavilion, where he laid him, still insensible, upon a couch. Rozeval at length recovering the use of his faculties, and no longer hearing the music, exclaimed, "What! have I fallen from heaven to earth?" But casting his eyes on Lorenzi, he recollected that he lived in the same house with him, and that he had several times met him. Lorenzi, who had come in a carriage, proposed to take him home with him; and Rozeval being unable to support himself, was obliged to accept his offer. Lorenzi gave him his arm with an air of interest and sensibility, which appeared to affect him. Being both seated in the carriage, Rozeval kindly thanked Lorenzi, then maintained a profound silence; and Lorenzi durst neither interrogate nor speak to him. Having arrived at their house in Rome, they alighted from the carriage: Rozeval would have gone up stairs, but was too weak; Lorenzi therefore carried him into his chamber, and sent for a physician, who found him in a violent fever. Lorenzi passed the whole night by his bed-side. Rozeval, sensible of the attentions bestowed on him, testified his gratitude for them, adding, that all the assistance of art would be useless to him. "My

* By means of an ingenious mechanism, this cascade of the Villa Borghèse in reality executes the sonata of Corelli. At Naples there is a musical cascade of the same kind.

end approaches," said he, "and let not your compassionate soul pity me! I am not only tranquil but even happy."—"What!" replied Lorenzi, "can one so young be so far weaned from life?"—"Religion alone," replied Rozeval, "has often accomplished what a legitimate and pure passion has produced in me: I have been led to despise life by miraculous ways. Question me no further. Were I to relate to you all that has occurred since my arrival at Rome, you would not believe me, and you would regard me only as a maniac: but I shall prove to you my gratitude by the only mark of confidence it is in my power to bestow. I have written my history; I shall give you this manuscript, with permission to read it after my death." —"You will not die," interrupted Lorenzi; "you are by no means in a dangerous state." Rozeval replied only by a melancholy smile. The next moment a monk, for whom he had sent, entered the apartment, and thus ended the conversation. Lorenzi withdrew to his chamber, and did not return for four or five hours.

The following day the physician found Rozeval much better, and assured him of a speedy recovery. "If you are not mistaken," said Rozeval, "I possess fortitude, and shall know how to resign myself to life." These words, dictated by profound melancholy, inspired Lorenzi with the tenderest compassion; he could not, without heartfelt grief, behold this interesting young man thus droop and languish in silence, without seeking a single consolation, and even rejecting them all.

Nevertheless Rozeval was not unhappy: in the certainty and expectation of supreme happiness, his spotless and ardent soul found delicious repose in eternity, and so far from experiencing a single moment of vacuity or listlessness, it was but too much engaged. Giving way to every flight of his imagination, always agitated, always affected, the illusions in which he indulged with so much delight, produced the most fatal effects on his nerves and constitution. Compelled by gratitude to admit Lorenzi, he shortened his visits through his obstinate silence. Lorenzi often entered his chamber, but never remained there long. Rozeval had still a slight fever, and was besides extremely weak: it was no longer possible for him to muse on the banks of the Tiber; he contented himself by spending the evening in his study, which, since the reeds had been transplanted into the box of flowers, he allowed no person to enter. There, seated opposite to his window, he would contemplate these miraculous reeds: his imagination gradually warmed; he fancied he heard and expected to see an apparition; the least noise made him start, and he left this enchanted spot with an increase of fever. Sometimes he in vain attempted to play the sonata of Corelli; his fingers trembled, his respiration ceased, and the sounds of the flute, badly articulated, expired on his burning lips. He imagined that he was profaning divine music admitted in heaven, and which he was destined to hear no more but at the feet of the Almighty.

This perpetual agitation so far

exhausted his strength, that he was no longer able to bear such violent emotion, and he fancied his dissolution approaching. He had harboured this idea ever since his walk in the gardens of the Villa Borghèse, but it was no longer a vague presentiment; he regarded it as a certainty.

Rosanna being informed of Rozeval's situation, made fruitless attempts to see him: she could not comprehend the motives of his conduct—she felt alarmed for his life; uneasiness impaired her health, and a violent fever confined her to her bed for four or five days. Meanwhile Rozeval did not recover; on the contrary, he visibly grew weaker: his disorder had an extraordinary character: in proportion as his body wasted away, his mind and imagination seemed to possess redoubled energy and vigour; he approached the term of his hopes and of all his wishes.

One evening, Rozeval, previous to shutting himself up in his study as usual, sent for Lorenzi; who came immediately, although he was just going out. Rozeval delivered to him a large packet sealed, saying, "Here is the manuscript I promised you; it contains my whole history: do not read it until I am dead, you may then make what use you please of it—perhaps it is proper that the people of the present day should know it—receive it as a testimony of my gratitude!" With these words, Lorenzi, who was much affected, received the packet. "I shall be only a faithful depositary," said he, "and shall return you this manuscript when your health is re-established. Important business obliges me to go out just now; but I shall return before you retire to rest. I hope you will permit me to see you again to-night for a moment." So saying, he embraced Rozeval and hastily departed. Rozeval entered his study, lighted the alabaster lamp suspended from the ceiling, opened his window, took his seat opposite to the box of flowers, and fell into his accustomed reverie: the weather was serene, and the light of the moon threw a mild radiance around. Rozeval, with his eyes fixed upon the reeds, perceived that they had changed colour since the morning--they had turned completely yellow. He put forth his hand and plucked a withered leaf, which crumbled to pieces as he touched it. "The Almighty Power," said he, "which placed these reeds here, has done so only for the purpose of apprising me of my destiny. They have lost the cheerful colour of spring, I have lost that of youth! I am bowed down and withered like them—we are undoubtedly destined to perish together—and that hour is at hand." At these words, a secret instinct which attaches us to life, caused him to heave a deep sigh; the tears flowed gently down his cheeks: but these emotions of nature, foreign and even contrary to all his thoughts, were as vague and confused as transient. Rozeval raised his eyes towards the heavens, and never did their tranquil and majestic beauty produce so deep an impression on him. With his arms folded across his breast, he remained some minutes plunged in the most delightful ecstasy. This contemplation diffused in his soul a delicious and melancholy calm. "Oh! true refuge of hope!" cried

he, "I am then about to enjoy the blessings which thou hast promised! Soon, freed from the fetters of life, I shall find myself at the foot of the Eternal Throne, between Urania and my father! Oh! how radiant must be those celestial abodes to which that sparkling vault, studded with stars, serves as a footstool! Mansion of everlasting peace and of immortal love, where I shall enjoy the happiness to love without obstruction, and to admire without measure, the sublime and supreme Perfection!" As he uttered these words a breeze suddenly rose, which caused two of the reeds to move and sigh; they broke as they struck together, and fell at the feet of Rozeval. He shuddered. At the same instant he heard a noise behind him, and turning round, the door opened—he raised a piercing shriek. What object met his view?—It was Urania, dressed in white and more beautiful than ever, who darted towards him: it was no illusion; it was she herself, but Rozeval took her for a spirit, an angel come to receive his soul for the purpose of conducting it to heaven. "Thou art come to fetch me," said he in a faltering voice; "I am ready to accompany thee." With these words, falling on his knees, and thinking to be reunited to her by that death which was about to separate him from her, he breathed his last sigh, with the religious and impassioned transport of sublime and pure joy. Urania, confounded, imagined he was only in a swoon, and could not account for his surprise and astonishment: for she had despatched two messengers to apprise him of her coming; but neither had arrived. She called for help; his valet came, and, with the assistance of the trembling Urania, carried Rozeval to his chamber and placed him on the bed. Lorenzi had not yet returned. The servants of the house came up; and a physician was sent for, but he positively declared that Rozeval was no more. At this dreadful intelligence, Urania lost the use of her senses. At this instant Lorenzi entered, and was informed of the melancholy event. He removed Urania from this fatal apartment, gave up his own to her, and procured women to attend her, for she had with her but an old man-servant, with whom she had escaped from France.

Lorenzi informed Rosanna of this catastrophe, but with as much precaution as possible, for she was scarcely convalescent, and he was besides acquainted with her sentiments in regard to Rozeval: he divided his attention between her and the unfortunate Urania. He perused with Rosanna the manuscript of Rozeval, but durst not communicate its contents to Urania. Thus Rosanna learned that she had never been beloved, and that her sentiments and proceedings had only served to strengthen the illusions of Rozeval and his fidelity to a shadow: she wept abundantly, but an amiable and tender friend at length succeeded in consoling her. Urania did not repine; she asked no questions, neither did she answer any; she only declared that she wished to go into a convent. Rosanna manifested for her the deepest and tenderest interest, and offered her an asylum. She refused it, and earnestly entreated her to procure her one in a monastery. Rozeval's

papers were at length put into her possession, and at the same time the supposed prodigies of the reeds of the Tiber and the cascade of the Villa Borghèse were explained to her.

The next day Urania went abroad for the first time, accompanied only by her old domestic. It was known that she had visited the gardens of the Villa Borghèse and the reeds of the Tiber: on her return, she took with her a reed, from which she never afterwards parted, and which she carried to her tomb, for she requested that it might be placed in her coffin.

She recommended her old attendant to Lorenzi, who took him into his service, in which he still remains. At length the inconsolable Urania, equally interesting for her beauty, her youth, her silent melancholy, and her constant grief, entered a convent, assumed the veil, took the vows at the end of the year, and died some months afterwards with all the tranquillity of innocence and pious resignation.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

ADVENTURES OF AN OLD MAID.

Mr. ADVISER,

I APPLY to you not for advice but assistance, which your avowed philanthropy induces me to hope you will not refuse to grant me. I am, you must know, sir, one of the sisterhood of old maids, a circumstance which my friends are kind enough to impute entirely to my own fault; and I am in consequence held up by my two married sisters to their daughters, as a person whom they must sedulously refrain from imitating, if they would avoid unhappiness and the imputation of romantic singularity.

It is only a few days since I have been aware of the light in which I am represented to my nieces. I happened accidentally to enter an apartment next to one in which my eldest sister and her daughter, who are now upon a visit to me, were. I heard the former say in reply to some speech of her daughter's, "I protest, child, this visit to your aunt Prue has done you a great deal of harm. I shall certainly take you away as speedily as I can, for if you stay much longer with your aunt, you will become as prudish, romantic, and ridiculous as herself."

I had prudence enough not to betray at the moment that I was an auditor of this *sisterly* speech; but I took the first opportunity to ask Mrs. H. privately, how she could have the cruelty to make it. She replied, without being in the least disconcerted, "Why, my dear Prue, you know after all 'tis no more than the truth: had you been a reasonable woman, you would long ago have been well married, since you must own that you have rejected five unexceptionable offers. However I may be attached to you, I should be truly sorry to see your conduct in that respect taken as a model by my girls; and as I believe Anna has some idea of copying it, for she thinks you all perfection, it was natural for me to speak as I did."

As my sister was fully aware what sort of offers those unexception-

able ones were that I had refused, I did not think it would be of the least use to debate the matter farther with her; but I believe, Mr. Adviser, when I have told you what sort of beings my rejected swains were, neither you, nor the rational part of your readers, will wonder that I should have preferred the despised appellation of old maid, to the honourable title of wife, since I could only have obtained the latter at the high price of surrendering my liberty to a man with whom I could have had no rational prospect of happiness.

I was the youngest of three sisters; our family was respectable, and we each possessed a moderate fortune. I was quite a child when my two elder sisters were married, and as I was generally esteemed handsome, my parents, particularly my mother, entertained sanguine hopes of my marrying, in a worldly sense, very well. This opinion was confirmed by my making, when I was scarcely sixteen, a conquest of Mr. Gathergold, one of the richest men in our neighbourhood.

My admirer was upwards of fifty; his person was just not ugly, and his manners were barely passable. I had been brought up by my parents in habits of strict obedience to their will; and you must, I think, sir, allow that I gave proof of being free from romance, when I consented, at their desire, to admit the addresses of Mr. Gathergold, whose character was a very fair one.

My mother had taken the greatest pains, both by precept and example, to render my sisters and myself charitable, as far as our means would permit us to be so. I had from my infancy a small allowance of pocket-money, which was increased as I grew up: a part of this I always devoted to charitable purposes, and I frequently expended it in the purchase of linen, and other things, which I made for my pensioners myself.

One day, just as I was going into a cottage, to which I was taking some childbed linen, I met Mr. Gathergold. I was alone, and he inquired with some surprise to what accident it was owing that he saw me with a parcel, and without any attendants. Situated as we were, I did not consider it right to have any reserves; I therefore frankly told him my errand. To my great surprise, his countenance changed; he replied, with a constrained air, there was already an ample provision made for the poor, and he must say that the insolence and ingratitude of the lower classes would soon render the task of serving them an irksome one to a delicate mind.

I shall not repeat to you, Mr. Adviser, the contemptible sophistry by which he attempted to prove, that humanity to the distressed was a folly, not a virtue; suffice it to say, I saw clearly, that if I became his wife, I must resign all hope of being allowed to devote either money or time to charitable purposes. This discovery converted the indifference I felt for him into disgust; nor did my parents, when I apprized them of his real disposition, refuse me their permission to dismiss him.

My next lover, Sir Papillon Prettytaste, was not as rich as Mr. Gathergold, but he was young, agreeable, and apparently very good-humoured. My mother in-

deed observed, that he seemed to have no decided character, but as he declared himself very fond of reading, and generally spent the greatest part of his morning in his library, which he had taken care to furnish with the best authors, she hoped that a few years would render him a steady and estimable member of society. I hoped so too, till I discovered that the hours which the baronet spent in his library, were not devoted, as his friends supposed, to the perusal of good authors, but employed in devising new fashions, or altering old ones. Never did the votary of learning bestow more time and pains to acquire the most abstruse sciences, than Sir Papillon Prettytaste did to invent new shapes for cuffs and collars. This darling pursuit engrossed his every thought, and you cannot wonder that, when I discovered it, I thought myself bound in honour and conscience to give a decided negative to his addresses, since to vow love, honour, and obedience to such a being, would in my opinion have been downright perjury.

I remained some time without another proposal. In this interval my father died, and I removed with my mother to London. When I had just entered my twenty-second year, I attracted the notice of Mr. Bellair, a young gentleman whose merit and amiable qualities made a serious impression on my heart. I became acquainted with him through an intimate friend, whom I shall call Amelia, and the praises which she bestowed upon him fostered my growing attachment. I saw, however, with some surprise, that although he appeared prepossessed in my favour, he did not declare his passion; and I fancied that when in the presence of Amelia, his manners were visibly constrained, and his behaviour more cold and distant than it was at other times.

The doubts of his intentions which these observations raised in my mind, were, however, soon dispelled. He made proposals to my mother, who referred him immediately to myself. Attached as I was to him, and unexceptionable as he appeared in all respects, I readily accepted them, and I looked forward to our marriage as to an event that would secure me a large portion of happiness.

Amelia was at that time out of town, but I immediately wrote to her an account of my intended change of condition. I received no answer to my letter. A few days before my marriage was to take place, Amelia came to town, and no sooner did I hear of her arrival than I hastened to visit her. I was, however, refused admittance; she was ill, and could not see any person.

This intelligence gave me real uneasiness; I persevered in my inquiries, though she never would suffer me to make them in person. During some days I received always the same intelligence, that she was too ill to admit visitors. At last, two days before that on which my nuptials were to take place, I was informed that a cousin of Amelia's desired to see me. I eagerly inquired after the health of my friend. "Alas!" cried she bursting into tears, "I fear it is for ever destroyed, and you, though unintentionally, are the cause."—

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed I, struck with horror and astonishment, "how is that possible?"

Alas! she soon made me but too well understand that she was right. Before Bellair had seen me, he paid Amelia the tenderest attention; he never indeed directly proposed for her, but he gave her every reason to believe that he was attached to her.

As a proof of this, her cousin presented me with a letter which Amelia had received from him at the time he offered me his hand. In this letter he reproached himself for what he termed his involuntary inconstancy, declared that he should always entertain for her the tenderest esteem, and threw himself upon her mercy, to conceal from me that a softer sentiment than friendship had ever subsisted between them.

I shall not attempt to paint what I suffered on perusing this proof, that he whom my fond partiality had decked with every virtue was in truth a villain. "Do not suppose," cried my informer, "that I shew you this at the desire of the injured Amelia; no, though it has been a death-blow to her repose, she would have complied with the request of its barbarous writer, and have concealed from you the perfidy which has destroyed her happiness. But seeing as I do, that her life is absolutely endangered by the effect which his behaviour has produced upon her health, I thought it but right to acquaint you with the real character of this specious deceiver, who may perhaps ere long be as unjust to you as he has been to my cousin."

"Would to Heaven!" cried I, "that I had known it sooner! But fear not that I shall even now hesitate to do justice to Amelia. Leave me this letter; I will soon return it: but do not reveal what has passed between us to your cousin till you hear from me."

The moment she departed I flew to my mother, who coincided with me in opinion, that Bellair should be immediately interrogated respecting his conduct to Amelia. This task my dear parent took upon herself. The result was, that Bellair acknowledged the justice of the charge brought against him, and my mother signified to him, at my desire, my fixed resolution to see him no more.

In spite of the perfidy of Bellair, his image was too deeply impressed upon my heart to be easily obliterated. My unfortunate attachment to him affected my health, and produced also a partial change in my temper and disposition, which had the effect of keeping the men at a distance. My natural animation and good-humour gave place to gloom and reserve. Time, however, wore this away; I recovered health and cheerfulness, but not before the glowing tints of youth began to subside. I was nearly twenty-seven, and was beginning to hear from my married acquaintance, that it was really a shame I should be suffered to continue so long single. I must look sharp, or I should get upon the old maids' list; that it was astonishing so pretty a girl as I *had been* was not teased into matrimony by some one or other. These and similar other *kind* speeches had occasionally reached my ears before another opportunity of changing my state occurred.

At last, when I was just beginning to think myself fated to a life of single blessedness, I became acquainted with Mr. Tempest, a gentleman of considerable fortune, who very soon paid me such assiduous attention, that every body declared it would be my own fault if it was not a match.

As I had begun to experience some of the mortifications attendant upon a single state, I was not displeased with my conquest; especially as Mr. Tempest, though a remarkably plain man, was very agreeable in his manners, and, as far as I could learn, of an irreproachable character. I had no doubt of his humanity, for he subscribed largely to every public charity, and he had not a trait of the fop in his composition: thus I was not afraid of the foibles which had broken off my two first engagements, and my lover was too plain to render it likely that another Amelia would start up to assert a prior claim to him.

One thing, however, I disliked; that was, apparent impatience of contradiction. It led me to make strict inquiries respecting his temper, and I heard it was naturally hasty and rather violent. As, however, I was not foolish enough to expect to find in a husband, "a faultless monster which the world ne'er saw," I comforted myself with the reflection, that prudence and mildness on my part would effectually prevent any unpleasant consequences from these failings. How far this supposition of mine would have been likely to prove just, the following incident will enable you, Mr. Adviser, to judge

He had sat to an eminent artist for a miniature-picture, which he intended to present to me. For some reason, to which I am a stranger, he did not examine the portrait when finished, but gave directions to the painter to send it to a jeweller, to whom he had given orders to set it in the most superb manner, and to send it to me as soon as it was finished.

Unfortunately Mr. Tempest happened to be with me when I received it, and as I really thought it a good likeness, I said so the moment I cast my eyes upon it.

"Do you really see a resemblance?" demanded Mr. Tempest in a tone of doubt.

"Oh! a striking one," replied I.

"But is not there some fault, something which, upon an attentive view of it, displeases you in the picture?" said he earnestly.

I looked at it again more narrowly, but in truth I could perceive nothing amiss, and I frankly said so.

"I suppose, madam," cried he in a tone of smothered fury, "your eyes are dazzled by the splendour of the setting, and you are too much taken up with it to observe whether the miniature is or is not a faithful likeness; but I am certain it would not escape the eye of a woman who really loved me, that the rascally painter has bestowed upon me a crooked nose."

Though I was more than half affronted at the rudeness of this speech, yet I must own I was tempted to laugh at the vanity which had spied a defect where none really existed. Though Mr. Tempest was ugly, his nose was straight, and his features were most

faithfully copied in the miniature, which seemed more like him the longer I looked at it."

"But," continued he, gazing at it with evidently increasing anger, "not satisfied with having made my nose crooked, the fellow has contracted the forehead, and given a cast of ill-humour to the mouth, so that the face has altogether a most disagreeable expression; and is, besides, that of a man at least ten years older than myself."

Not knowing what to answer to this curious speech, I made no reply.

"I should not," continued he, "think so much of the blunder which the stupid dog has made about my age; I could even forgive him for spoiling my features; but to bestow upon the countenance such an expression of gloom and ill-humour, when nothing can be farther from my disposition than those qualities——"

At that moment he unfortunately caught my eye, which expressed, I am afraid, too plainly my dissent from his opinion; for snatching the miniature, which I still held, from my hand, he dashed it in a transport of rage on the marble hearth; and then crushing with his foot the beautiful pearls with which it was surrounded, he turned to me, exclaiming with an aspect of the most malignant rage, "No, madam, you shall never gratify your vanity at my expense, by wearing a portrait which you can value only for the gems with which my foolish fondness caused it to be surrounded:" and as he finished this *polite* speech, to my inexpressible relief, he darted out of the room.

With returning reason came, I suppose, a consciousness of the ridiculous figure he had made, for in the evening I received a penitential letter, in which he attributed all that had passed to the violence of his love for me. You will readily believe, Mr. Adviser, that this shallow artifice availed him nothing. He had thrown aside the mask, and I rejoiced that he had done so while I yet possessed the power to free myself from a tie which his temper would have rendered worse than Egyptian bondage.

About a year after my rejection of Mr. Tempest, Sir Harry Hairtrigger, a gentleman of Irish extraction, honoured me with his addresses; but though he appeared in all respects a man likely to render me happy, I had been too often deceived to be very ready to give credit to appearances. I therefore desired time to study his disposition, and as during some months nothing occurred that could raise even in the most cautious mind a doubt of his worth, I was beginning to congratulate myself on the prospect of being at length happily settled, when a circumstance took place which convinced me that my hopes were illusive. This was a duel between the baronet and a gentleman who had trod upon his toe without begging his pardon. Fortunately both parties escaped death, but my lover was wounded, and his antagonist lamed for life.

Though I could not be said to be in love with Sir Harry, yet his many good qualities, and perhaps more than all the rest, his cheerful and amiable temper, made me desirous that our union should take place; but I could only agree to bestow my hand upon him, on con-

dition that he would pledge his honour to avoid in future all occasions of quarrel, and that nothing short of the severest provocation would induce him again to engage in a duel.

He told me frankly, that he should live in misery under these restrictions; that a bit of fighting now and then was actually necessary to give a fillip to his spirits. As to the morality of the thing, he would not pretend to defend it in that point of view, but with good management these affairs seldom ended fatally. He had been out six times, and never taken his adversary's life. One had been lamed to be sure, another blinded, and a third lost his arm; but after all, it was not his fault if gentlemen did not behave properly, and he would never submit to receive an affront, whether it was given intentionally or unintentionally, as long as he was able to draw his sword or fire a pistol.

You would hardly suppose from this speech, Mr. Adviser, that the baronet was really a humane and tender-hearted man, yet such was actually the case. Enslaved, however, as he was by false ideas of honour, my days would have been miserable, from the fear that in some frivolous quarrel he would either lose his own life, or take that of a fellow-creature. I therefore declined his hand, and from that time to the present, I have remained contented with a state of single blessedness.

Now, Mr. Adviser, the favour I have to ask of you is, to take up my cause against those illiberal censurers, who consider my rejection of my various suitors as the height of folly and romance. I would ask any sensible woman, no matter of what age, whether I could rationally have hoped for happiness with any one of my five lovers. Mr. Gathergold's sordid disposition must have inspired disgust in the bosom of any woman possessed of common humanity; Sir Papillon Prettytaste could not fail to be regarded with contempt by any mind less frivolous than his own; by marrying Bellair, who, I must observe to you, has returned to his first love, and is now the husband of my friend Amelia, I should have incurred the perpetual reproaches of my own conscience; and by bestowing my hand on Mr. Tempest, after the specimen which he had given me of his temper, I should, I think, have deserved the misery which I am certain that temper must have inflicted upon his wife.

It may perhaps be said, that I have shewn myself too fastidious in rejecting Sir Harry Hairtrigger, since had I married a soldier I must have run as great a risk, or even a greater one, of losing him. This is true, but the widow of a soldier has the consolation of reflecting, that her husband fell gloriously fighting for his country; while the grief of her who loses her husband in a duel, must be aggravated a thousand-fold by the bitter thought, that he died in the commission of the most flagrant offence against his Maker.

And now, Mr. Adviser, I have said what I could to clear myself from the charges of prudery and romance; and if in your opinion I have succeeded, I am certain that your testimony will go a great way in my favour, for I know that my sisters entertain the highest defer-

ence for your sentiments. In the hope that those sentiments will be favourable to my cause, I remain, sir, your very humble servant,

PRUDENTIA PLAINSENSE.

I consider the statement of my fair correspondent's case as so perfect a justification of her conduct, that I do not think it necessary to add even a remark to those she herself makes on the various causes which she assigns for the dismission she has given to her respective admirers. I shall, therefore, only observe to her married sisters, that by holding her up to the ridicule of their daughters, they reflect no honour on their own hearts or understandings: for where celibacy proceeds, as it has done in her case, from the dictates of virtue and good sense, an old maid is entitled not merely to respect but veneration.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

THE STROLLER'S TALE: *Sketched from Nature.*

(Concluded from p. 152.)

Too true indeed it is, that experience must be bought. Ah! how often did I disregard advice which I conceived was prompted only by envy at my supposed success, or proceeded from narrowness of ideas! I was now to realize all these suggestions; but if my story cause one vagrant to return to his parents' roof, I shall then have the happiness of knowing that my errors have warned and saved a fellow-creature from misery. May others become more satisfied with their lot, and rest content in that situation they were intended to fill! Let not the unbounded applause which they see lavished on some few lucky professors of the buskin deceive them! Dearly do we pay by our privations for these moments of unreal sunshine; and should any deluded female lean towards theatrical pursuits, ah! let her not rest until she abjures a profession so dangerous to her peace!

At this period I could safely say, "Man delights not me, nor woman neither." At home I was an entire stranger to domestic enjoyment, and had to endure the trumpet-tongued reproaches of my wife—reproaches which I in some measure deserved, but not from her whom I still loved. My child became linked with blackguards; I was deep in debt, and without the possibility of paying my creditors, became "steeped in poverty even to the very lips." At length one night, after having in my theatrical character given away thousands, we decamped penniless without beat of drum. We wandered over fields and commons, for my wife had borrowed something from the theatrical wardrobe, fearful of our pursuers, while I reproached her with the guilt of robbing those who could as ill afford to lose as ourselves. We subsisted on blackberries, sloes, and chance benevolences. Our son Orlando, *alias* Habbakuk, was an excellent mendicant; he could slip out one shoulder, strain his leg, and turn up the white of his eye equal to Grimaldi himself. At one time we were ruined by a fire, at another by a flood; a murrain destroyed our sheep, and

not unfrequently were we foreigners, who only wanted a trifle to carry us back to our native country.

At last we gained courage to enter a village, where we joined some wretched itinerant players, without a sixpence among them, for theirs was a *sharing* company. One evening, an evening I well remember, for none of us had tasted aught since breakfast, we had halted at the only alehouse that would receive our company. We were huddled round the door, making wry faces to a few countrymen, on whom we purposed to levy contributions; a few wretched bills had been distributed, but a conventicle robbed us that night of our congregation; the few that were attentive observers of us *gratis* could not be prevailed upon to walk up, although we were "just going to begin." Not a soul entered the room to cheer us, till at length a recruiting sergeant passing with a few followers, we begged for their patronage, which they granted. How could they do otherwise, when we offered to play them any tragedy, comedy, or farce they chose to fix on at a moment's notice? Two young ladies had promised to come, unknown to their parents, if we could get a *house* to play to. These were sent for, and *The Recruiting Officer*, by desire of the marine sergeant, was enacted. I leave my readers to guess how the drama was played; but how shall I describe our joy on finding we had netted each the enormous sum of seven-pence three farthings, while myself and wife gained a good supper from the wary sergeant, with an invitation to join his corps, that wanted a few spirited young men, whose hearts beat high at the sound of a drum! My heart did not beat high at any such sound, and yet I debated what could be done after the morrow, and paused for honour's truckle-bed ere I resolved.

In the next morning's stroll I met with some gentlemen idlers of small fortune, many of whom are to be seen in market-towns waiting for a mail-coach or a squabble to divert their *ennui*, lounging round coffee-house doors, but fearful to venture in; the novelty of my conversation caused them to wish to be better acquainted with me. I then informed them I belonged to a dramatic corps, and with the greatest delight gained from them a *bespeak* for the following night. How I bowed to the ground for this condescension! I ran to overjoy my comrades by this windfall of good luck; and while they set about arranging for *The Mourning Bride, by particular desire*, I went to inform my wife, and to gladden her heart with these unlooked-for tidings; but she was absent. "Always out of the way," I exclaimed pettishly, "when you are wanted!" I sat down, played with my fingers and thumbs, stirred the fire twenty times; enraged at her not arriving, I tore a bill to atoms, gnawed a benefit ticket into *bits*, when my landlady put into my hand a note to the following effect:—"Mrs. Sydney's compelments to Mr. Sydney, and tells him, that when I chose to degrade myself by marrying you, I was a green girl lost to every thing of my own good, but I have now, thanks be praised, made use of my reason. Sergeant Rifle hath promised to protect me: it is no use for you to pretend to find us out,

for we are off to America. Give my love to Orlando, and tell him to "be a good boy and take care of himself," as the song says. Your once loving partner in the buckskin,

"*Philippina Gondiberta Rifle,*
"*late Sydney.*"

A man may reconcile himself quickly to the loss of his wife, that is, if he cares nothing about her; but all of us possess some share of pride, and a man does not like the world to know that he is despised by his helpmate, though he may return the compliment in private. My world was but a small sphere: however, I made the best of it. I knew it was to no purpose to seek her. I attended to *The Mourning Bride*, which I expected would reward me more substantially than grieving for the loss of my wife. As for poor Orlando, he borrowed some of his papa's philosophy, and was not long inconsolable: but what was to be done after the *enormous* profits of this bespeak were spent? there was the rub. It is true I had but two to maintain, but our salaries had decreased in more than an equal ratio. I was resolved to try my fortune in another sphere, and, unregretted by any of my brethren, set off to the next town, with only myself to maintain, for Habby Orlando Sydney had gained an engagement at an increased salary to drive away crows from an adjoining barley-piece.

After an absence of some years, I found myself near London: at Croydon I gained a situation at ten shillings per week for making myself useful. I played any part they gave me, and whether I gained applauses or hisses, to me was of little consequence. My money was paid me at the end of the week, and by volunteering as prompter, some increase of the *sine qua non* came to my share. There I saw heroes strut and fret their hour on the stage, without being surprised at their want of capacity, or without envying the plaudits they received. I knew that, like myself, they would be puffed up with the applause they did not deserve, and in a little time, like myself, "be heard no more."

The younger of my companions took me for a misanthrope, and imagined that I envied them the pleasure they received from encouragement. Ah! they knew me not, or they would have seen in me a friend whenever I repressed their hopes, or conjured them to return to their families.

It was at this place I met with an old friend, a candidate for *private* theatrical fame. Be not surprised when I tell you, this would-be Kemble had an impediment of speech, and yet aspired to the first parts in tragedy. Flattered by foolish friends, he lavished large sums in *getting up* his plays: he dressed himself in the most costly style, had his cards engraved, and provided music, machinery, decorations, and *properties* equal to any royal theatre. But how chop-fallen was he now!—the ridicule of the companies he played in, and the scorn of those he knew played better. What was become of his laughing, flattering friends? They were all gone; they were buzzing round another butterfly fool of prosperity, whom they would in turn also desert. "How I ought to have thanked you," said he to me one day, "instead of resenting the mortal

stab you gave to my vanity after my first appearance! Had I considered it in a proper point of view, what misery should I not have escaped!" I recollected the circumstance alluded to, it was as follows: One evening as I was lounging at a theatrical library in the purlieus of Drury, "my custom always in an afternoon," a well-dressed man, whom I knew not, came in. We heroes of the sock soon discover one another. "Did you," said he carelessly, "see the Hamlet last night at Berwick-street?"—"Yes," said I.—"Well, and what did you think of *it*?"—"Think! why it was execrable."—"But you liked the same person's Crack in the after-piece?" —"Worse and worse!" I exclaimed; "the fellow who attempts to play with no more head-piece than the hero of last night, without a single requisite, ought to be kicked off any stage.—Did you mind, sir," said I, not attending to my hearer's impediments of speech, "how the fellow clipped the *esses?*" At this moment some one trod on my toe; I highly resented this, and proceeded more violently.—"Why, sir, the wretch must be either a fool or a madman, and I should, if I were his relation, feel myself authorized to lock him up." He wished me a good night, and retired, as I thought, rather precipitately.—"Good heavens, sir," exclaimed the master of the shop, "you are the madman, I think! Why, I'll be bound you have affronted one of my best customers. Why, the man you have been giving your opinion so freely to, is the identical Hamlet, and the very Crack you so blindly criticised: you should recollect, sir, he is a gentleman of good property; why, he lays out with me a matter of a hundred a year for plays and the like o' that." I, however, was quite easy with regard to this fellow's feelings; I knew I could not much injure them: his vanity was ready for a salvo, and he would attribute my criticism to envy or want of knowledge; and I was right. "Ah!" said he now, "had I taken your hints, I should have kept that fortune I have run through, and long ere this relinquished these 'trappings of my folly.'"

I was discharged from Croydon theatre for inebriety: glad to drown the cares of the past, the present, and the future, I accepted of drink from any one who would offer it. It answered the landlord's purpose to allow me the run of the house, for I amused his company: "Villanous company brought me to this." I could relate a number of anecdotes, and the song of "The Cat and the Tailor" never failed to gain me grog for the evening; but the next day, unhinged, nervous, and bloated, my memory failed me, and I got so frequently hissed, that the manager would bear it no longer, and I left him, exclaiming,

———"Tell me why, good Heaven,
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,
Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,
That fill the happiest man? Ah! rather, why
Didst thou not form me sordid as my fate,
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens?
Why have I sense to know the curse that's on me?
Is this just dealing, Nature?"

I forgot while I was thus elegantly apostrophising, that I was exactly formed for that which I had been accusing fate of having denied me. I was strong enough to carry bur-

dens, and had all the elegant desires of a cobler's son; but I spoke in poetry, in which metaphor is allowed full latitude.

When things arrive at the worst, it is said they will mend; yet a man will not think this fit encouragement to hope, while he is apparently consigned to endless despair. I was one afternoon musing on my fate, with my eyes sometimes bent on the fire of the public-house parlour, at other times poring over a newspaper, and turning in my mind if a halter or a razor would best suit my purpose, when I thought I recognised my own name in an advertisement. This appeared to me so like what I had frequently read in novels or romances, that I regarded it as the "mere coinage of the brain," which certainly was not now in the most lucid state. I took the paper to the light, and read as follows: "If James Waxford, who was apprentice to his father the late Crispin Waxford, shoemaker, of St. Martin's-lane, Charing-Cross, deceased, who some time ago, as it is supposed, joined a company of players, will apply to Messrs. Alibi and Capias, he will hear of something to his advantage."—"Why, that's me!" I exclaimed; and I exclaimed so loud and so often, that the landlord, fearing for my wits, or that I had once more got drunk upon credit, entered the room. I immediately informed him that Sydney was only my travelling name; he doubted me to be the person till he could doubt no longer; he was at length convinced, and shaking me by the hand, declared "he always thought there was a something about me wastly superior to a wagrant."

This was no time to indulge in grief for the loss of a parent. It is true, I loved my father, but I loved myself too; he was dead—could it be helped? and his death saved my life. I felt myself a new man. Before this, exertion was useless; I had nothing to exert myself for. The man who flounders in a quagmire only gets deeper into the mud. This idea kept me quiet; but now I felt, if ever again I should be the favourite of Fortune, I would not abuse it. Boniface gave me the means, and behold me at Clifford's Inn on the following morning. Before this accident, I had adopted, with many other worldly prejudices, a detestation of lawyers, which probably arose from being often threatened with their interference; now I really thought them very tolerable kind of gentlemen. We are all of us children of circumstance, and I hope I may be allowed, with others, to recant my errors. Messrs. Alibi and Capias delivered into my hands, in due form, the sum of 549*l.*; while my father's house, which was his own, became also mine by right of inheritance. It was well stocked with boots and shoes; it is true, it had been shut up some little time, but I mean to leave no stone unturned to bring *our* leather into notice. I set about my work of reformation with avidity: I had repainted in large letters, "The original shop from over the way;" I regained my father's customers, who all thought me dead, and sent for my son: he was at an age when the heart has little choice; some wholesome corrections dissipated his vagrant ideas. I related to him at a proper age the errors and the misery his father had endured, and he

was wise enough to become a cordwainer and head *clicker* in my warehouse.

My tale will be concluded in a few words. I now learned what true comfort was: in my little back parlour, surrounded by neatness and economy, I often related my tale. My wife, who had turned rope-dancer at Bartholomew Fair, broke her neck in the middle of her exertions: her paramour also met his death by a rope, but it was at the expense of government. To the memory of the former I shed a tear, for my conscience would whisper I had brought her to this end. I have now taken another helpmate; we have been married six months; it is yet too early to judge if happiness is to continue, but at present all promises fair. When I travel, if there be any theatrical exhibitions, I always frequent them, and do all in my power to contribute to the necessities of the performers. But when I hear of any one taking to the profession, I conjure them rather to become chimney-sweepers, scavengers, slaves of any sort; or at least, before they adopt the disgraceful pursuit of an itinerant performer, to read *The Stroller's Tale.*

O. P. & P. S.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXVIII.

The proper study of mankind is man.—POPE.

WHEN a due consideration is given to the nature, character, and peculiar duties of women; when we reflect on the influence they necessarily possess in civilized society, and the charm they give to life, the importance of their peculiar functions, and the capacity they so frequently display, when circumstances call them to exertions of activity and energy, it will not be considered as an overweening partiality to my own sex, when I call such of them whose situation in life, and its consequent education, give them the opportunity to pursue the inquiry, to inform their minds with the knowledge of those principles by which a just sense of the higher duties of life is to be attained, and their practice to be actually formed and clearly understood: so that they may not be accused of doing right, as it were, by rote, but from an acquaintance with the code of moral science, which will give them insight into those operations of the mind, whereon the various actions of life depend, as they are indeed the springs of them. To give distinct ideas, therefore, of these operations, where they are not known with sufficient accuracy and preparatory reflection, will be, I trust, considered as a useful office; and I shall endeavour to perform it, by giving such definitions of the faculties of the head and heart, as may form a just, intelligible, and practical analysis of moral duty.

The sensible powers, or those by which we receive any sensations or impressions, independently of the will, are denominated the *senses*. Those by which we receive impressions from external objects are called the *five external senses*, of hearing,

seeing, touching, smelling, and tasting. Those by which we receive such impressions from internal objects, independently of the will, are considered as *internal senses*—the public sense, the moral sense, and the sense of honour.

The power of connecting or associating ideas, and forming images or pictures of their objects in this united view, so as to represent or bring them nearer to the mind, is denominated *imagination;* and the mind's persuasion of the reality of their union or connection is called *opinion.*

The joint exercise of the understanding and imagination, exploring the region of possibilities, and collecting materials for accomplishing or facilitating some end, otherwise unattainable, is called *invention;* and the prosecution of such discoveries, *improvement.*

A quick, ready, and animated perception rather of the fanciful than real relations of objects, with such an assemblage and representation of them as will best communicate the perception or impression we have to others, is characterised as *wit.*

A superior capacity and disposition of the same kind, arising from nature rather than culture, and peculiarly adapted to some particular objects or studies, is denominated *genius.*

A nice and quick perception of the qualities that constitute any particular species of beauty or propriety in objects, and a consequent relish for them, receives the name of *taste;* but a too frequent change of this feeling, or of its objects, especially when fanciful and not real, is considered as *whim* or *caprice.*

The power of recording, retaining, and recollecting past perceptions and impressions, is *memory;* which, when joined with the understanding in assembling and surveying internal objects or ideas, becomes *reflection.*

The mental faculties in general, by which man is distinguished from inferior animals, and fitted to discover, relish, and pursue a higher good, form what is understood by *reason;* which, as it particularly respects the power of discovering truth and distinguishing it from error, is *understanding.*

The exercise of the understanding in determining the qualities of different actions or objects, when it has compared and distinguished them according to their discovered nature and tendency, is denominated *judgment;* and judgment, when applied to our own actions and dispositions, by deciding upon them as right or wrong, the objects of approbation or disapprobation, is what is generally understood by the internal warning power of the mind called *conscience.*

In discerning the propriety of actions and characters, distinguishing and preferring them accordingly, consists *prudence;* and the combined exercise or co-operation of all our faculties, in pursuing the best ends by the best means, constitutes true *wisdom.*

This, when applied to the common affairs of life, and supposing only an ordinary share of intellect, aided by experience rather than by particular culture or refinement, may be termed *sagacity* or *common sense.*

A proper regard to conscience in our intercourse with others, ac-

cording to their various relations, and the laws and duties arising from thence, constitutes the cardinal virtue of *justice*, in all its different forms; and a regard to character rather than conscience or law, is termed *honour*.

The power of choosing or refusing, according to the discovered nature and tendency of objects, is called the *will*. The various modifications of the will in pursuing good and avoiding evil are, when calm and sedate, denominated *affections*, and when accompanied by emotion or perturbations, *passions*, which, by repeated acts or long indulgence, grow into *habits*, whose prevalence or combinations form particular *tempers* and *dispositions*, by which *conduct* is regulated; and the general tenor of a man's temper and conduct fixes his *character*.

Of all the modifications of the will, the most universal and inseparable from the soul, and that from which the rest, however various or numerous, take their origin, is the principle of *self-preservation*, which is natural to all living, but more especially to all rational creatures: in the former it is governed only by *instinct*, or a natural incitement destitute of reflection; in the latter, likewise by *reason*. The ministers, or rather auxiliaries, of reason are the *affections* and *passions*, the force of which is increased as the propensities of instinct co-operate in pursuing good and avoiding evil.

When, in an object of our perception, we find any congruity to our ideas of excellence, natural or moral, so as to communicate pleasure, it is reckoned good, and produces *approbation*.

When regard is had partly to the excellence, but more to the uncommon character of an object, *admiration* succeeds; and when regard is had merely to the uncommon character or singularity of the object, and no other quality, it is beheld with *wonder*.

An inclination to be more fully acquainted with the object we perceive or admire, is termed *curiosity*; if it appears suddenly or unexpectedly, it raises *surprise*, which, when increased to a certain height, becomes *amazement* or *astonishment*.

When consideration is employed on the value or excellency of the object we approve, either intellectual or moral, yet without any inclination or propensity towards it, it creates *esteem*, which is either of *ourselves* or *others*.

When the object produces an idea of superior greatness and dignity, it commands *awe* and *reverence*; when it partakes of a sublime, a solemn, or a sacred character, it excites *veneration*, which, when the Deity is the object, becomes *worship* or *adoration*.

A proper degree of esteem and good-will to others, regulating our deportment to them according to their various conditions and relations, is called *civility*, *complaisance*, or *courtesy*, as modes of *politeness*; and when the object is superior to us, we regard it with *deference*, *respect*, and *honour*.

A just sense of our own errors, follies, and weaknesses, disposing us to bear with those of others, is *humility*.

Generosity and humility, or a just sense both of our worth and our weaknesses, when unaffected or unaltered by outward circumstances, produce that equal tem-

per of mind which is styled *equanimity.*

An elevation of mind, arising from a just esteem of ourselves, and a due sense of our superiority to others, disposing us to do good to them, without any view to a return, is *generosity.*

When this rational self-esteem is accompanied with a contempt of danger, and a disposition for enterprise or great exploits, together with a noble independence of mind, it assumes the title of *magnanimity.*

When our esteem of ourselves, or opinion of our own rank and merit, is so high as to lessen the regard due to those of others, it is called *pride,* which is increased by whatever augments this self-esteem, as *obsequiousness, flattery, praise,* &c.

A vain display of any imaginary merit or distinction of our own, in order to gain the attention and regard of others, is *ostentation;* and when this display is made in imitation of others, as to qualities not material to us nor possessed by us, it is *affectation.*

Such an opinion of our own abilities and attainments as makes us regardless of the advice and opinion of others, is called *self-sufficiency* or *conceit;* which, when accompanied with a persuasion that others have a high opinion of our merit, is *vanity.*

When pride leads us to claim any right or distinction that is not due to us, it takes the name of *arrogance;* a display of which by outward expressions of disrepect or contempt in our carriage towards others, is called *haughtiness* or *insolence.*

When any object happens to be incongruous to our notions, or disagreeable to our reflection, so as to communicate pain, it produces *disapprobation.*

When the object is considered as worthless or of no value, yet not such as to excite hatred or aversion, it raises *disesteem.*

Disesteem of others, when carried too far, has the same effect as too high an esteem of ourselves in producing *pride;* and when it is accompanied with an opinion of their insignificancy or inferiority to us, we regard them with *contempt.*

Contempt being indulged, with such expressions as may expose to the contempt of others, becomes *derision* or *ridicule;* and when the object of our contempt is considered as far beneath us, we feel *scorn* or *disdain.*

Disesteem of ourselves, from an insensibility of our real merit, or the distinction due to us, and overrating that of others, occasions *diffidence.*

When diffidence is attended with so low an opinion of our own abilities as may prevent our undertaking or executing what we are actually capable of completing, it induces that weakness or feebleness of mind which bears the name of *pusillanimity.*

When the foregoing quality causes us to yield to the undue influence of others, by an implicit and voluntary compliance with them, even against our experience or our judgment, it is called *simplicity,* which, producing a facility in our assent to the testimony or reliance on the veracity of others, becomes *credulity.*

Pusillanimity, when it is attended by low submissions and artifices, especially if for base ends,

is denominated *meanness* or abject *servility*.

Here I shall stop for the present. My next paper will explain the nature of the *affections* and the *passions*, such as *love, hatred, desire, aversion, hope, fear*, &c. &c.

F—— T——.

I acknowledge the receipt of a very sprightly letter from a young lady, with the signature of *Still in my Teens*; but she has certainly mistaken the object of my literary labours, when she complains that I never take the least notice of the fashions, which I will acknowledge are subjects of no little interest to females of her age. But I must beg leave to inform her, that the design of these papers is to dress and decorate the mind on the unchangeable principles of virtue and truth, which admit of no alteration as suited to particular seasons, and disdain a submission to fancy and to taste: they are, in fact, the same at every period of life, and amidst all the changes and chances of time. Besides, I must express my surprise at her calling upon me to assume the department of fashion, which is executed in a part of the *Repository* with an elegance, taste, and accuracy, in all its successions and varieties, both by the pencil and the pen, as, I believe, will never be surpassed, and has not hitherto been equalled, as far as my experience and observation have extended. I must, therefore, recommend the young lady *still in her teens* to give a due attention to the fashionable representations in that part of this publication, which every month will offer themselves to her attention, and she must be a very unreasonable miss indeed if she is not satisfied with them.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CAVERN OF HOONGA IN THE TONGA ISLANDS, AND INTERESTING LOVE ADVENTURE OF A CHIEF.

THE Tonga Islands, one of the numberless groups scattered over the immense Pacific Ocean, have been minutely described in a work compiled from the information of a Mr. Mariner, who for some time resided in them. From this publication the following account of a remarkable natural curiosity of those islands, and of a romantic adventure of which it was the scene, is extracted.

Mr. Mariner had heard something of this famous cavern before he was conducted thither by one of the natives. "Follow me," said the latter, "and I will take you where you have never been before; and where Finow (the king), and his chiefs and mataboole, are now assembled." Mr. Mariner prepared himself to follow his companion, who dived into the water, and he after him, and, guided by the light reflected from his heels, entered the opening in the rock, and having dived through the passage, which is about eight or nine feet in length, rose into the cavern. He was no sooner above the surface of the water than, sure enough, he heard the voices of the king and his friends: being directed by his guide, he climbed upon a jutting portion of rock, and sat down. All the light that came into this place

was reflected from the bottom, and was sufficient, after remaining about five minutes, to shew objects with some little distinctness; at least he could discover, being directed by the voice, Finow and the rest of the company seated like himself. Nevertheless, as it was desirable to have a stronger illumination, Mr. Mariner dived out again, and procuring his pistol, primed it well, tied plenty of *gnatoo* tight round it, and wrapped the whole up in a plaintain-leaf: he directed an attendant to bring a torch in the same way. Thus prepared, he re-entered the cavern as speedily as possible, unwrapped the *gnatoo*, a great portion of which was perfectly dry, fired it by the flash of the powder, and lighted the torch. The place was now illuminated tolerably well, for the first time, perhaps, since its existence. It appeared (by guess) to be about 40 feet wide in the main part, but which branched off, on one side, in two narrower portions. The medium height seemed also about 40 feet. The roof was hung with stalactites in a very curious way, resembling, upon a cursory view, the Gothic arches and ornaments of an old church. After having examined the place, they drank cava, and passed away the time in conversation upon different subjects. Among other things, an old mataboole, after having mentioned how the cavern was discovered, viz. by a young chief in the act of diving after a turtle, related an interesting account of the use which this chief made of his accidental discovery. The circumstances are as follow:

In former times there lived a tooi (governor) of Vavaoo, who exercised a very tyrannical deportment towards his people; at length, when it was no longer to be borne, a certain chief meditated a plan of insurrection, and was resolved to free his countrymen from such odious slavery, or to be sacrificed himself in the attempt: being, however, treacherously deceived by one of his own party, the tyrant became acquainted with this plan, and immediately had him arrested. He was condemned to be taken out to sea and drowned, and all his family and relations were ordered to be massacred, that none of his race might remain. One of his daughters, a beautiful girl, young and interesting, had been reserved to be the wife of a chief of considerable rank; and she also would have sunk, the victim of the merciless destroyer, had it not been for the generous exertions of another young chief, who a short time before had discovered the cavern of Hoonga. This discovery he had kept within his breast a profound secret, reserving it as a place of retreat for himself, in case he should be unsuccessful in a plan of revolt which he also had in view. He had long been enamoured of this beautiful young maiden, but had never dared to make her acquainted with the soft emotions of his heart, knowing that she was betrothed to a chief of higher rank and greater power. But now the dreadful moment arrived when she was about to be cruelly sacrificed to the rancour of a man, to whom he was a most deadly enemy. No time was to be lost; he flew to her abode, communicated in a few short words the decree of the tyrant, declared himself her deliverer if she would

trust to his honour, and, with eyes speaking the most tender affections, he waited with breathless expectation for an answer. Soon her consenting hand was clasped in his: the shades of evening favoured their escape; whilst the wood, the covert, or the grove, afforded her concealment, till her lover had brought a small canoe to a lonely part of the beach. In this they speedily embarked; and as he paddled her across the smooth wave, he related his discovery of the cavern destined to be her asylum till an opportunity offered of conveying her to the Fiji Islands. She, who had entrusted her personal safety entirely to his care, hesitated not to consent to whatever plan he might think promotive of their ultimate escape: her heart being full of gratitude, love and confidence found an easy access. They soon arrived at the rock; he leaped into the water, and she, instructed by him, followed close after: they rose into the cavern, and rested from their fears and their fatigue, partaking of some refreshment which he had brought there for himself, little thinking, at the time, of the happiness that was in store for him. Early in the morning he returned to Vavaoo to avoid suspicion; but did not fail, in the course of the day, to repair again to the place which held all that was dear to him; he brought her mats to lie on, the finest *gnatoo* for a change of dress, the best of food for her support, sandal-wood oil, cocoa-nuts, and every thing he could think of to render her life as comfortable as possible. He gave her as much of his company as prudence would allow, and at the most appropriate times, lest the prying eye of curiosity should find out his retreat. He pleaded his tale of love with the most impassioned eloquence, half of which would have been sufficient to have won her warmest affections, for she owed her life to his prompt and generous exertions at the risk of his own: and how much was he delighted when he heard the confession from her own lips, that she had long regarded him with a favourable eye, but a sense of duty had caused her to smother the growing fondness, till the late sad misfortune of her family, and the circumstances attending her escape, had revived all her latent affections, to bestow them wholly upon a man to whom they were so justly due! How happy were they in this solitary retreat! tyrannic power now no longer reached them: shut out from the world, and all its cares and perplexities;—secure from all the eventful changes attending upon greatness, cruelty, and ambition;—themselves were the only powers they served, and they were infinitely delighted with this simple form of government. But although this asylum was their great security in their happiest moments, they could not always enjoy each other's company; it was equally necessary to their safety that he should be often absent from her, and frequently for a length of time together, lest his conduct should be watched. The young chief therefore panted for an opportunity to convey her to happier scenes, where his ardent imagination pictured to him the means of procuring for her every enjoyment and comfort, which her amiable qualifications so

well entitled her to: nor was it a great while before, an opportunity offering, he devised the means of restoring her with safety to the cheerful light of day. He signified to his inferior chiefs and matabooles, that it was his intention to go to the Fiji Islands, and he wished them to accompany him with their wives and female attendants; but he desired them on no account to mention to the latter the place of their destination, lest they should inadvertently betray their intention, and the governing chief prevent their departure. A large canoe was soon got ready, and every necessary preparation made for the voyage. As they were on the point of departure, they asked him if he would not take a Tonga wife with him. He replied, no! but he should probably find one by the way: this they thought a joke, but in obedience to his orders they said no more, and, every body being on board, they put to sea. As they approached the shores of Hoonga, he directed them to steer to a certain point, and having come close to a rock, according to his orders, he got up, and desired them to wait there while he went into the sea to fetch his wife; and without staying to be asked any questions, he sprang into the water from that side of the canoe farthest from the rock, swam under the canoe, and proceeded forward into the sanctuary which had so well concealed his greatest and dearest treasure. Every body on board was exceedingly surprised at his strange conduct, and began to think him insane; and after a little lapse of time, not seeing him come up, they were greatly alarmed for his safety, imagining a shark must have seized him. Whilst they were all in the utmost concern, debating what was best to be done, whether they ought to dive down after him, or wait according to his orders, for that perhaps he had only swum round, and was come up in some niche of the rock, intending to surprise them—their wonder was increased beyond all powers of expression, on seeing him rise to the surface of the water, and come into the canoe with a beautiful female. At first they mistook her for a goddess, and their astonishment was not lessened when they recognised her countenance, and found her to be a person who they had no doubt was killed in the general massacre of her family; and this they thought must be her apparition. But how agreeably was their wonder softened down into the most interesting feelings, when the young chief related to them the discovery of the cavern and the whole circumstance of her escape! All the young men on board could not refrain envying him his happiness in the possession of so lovely and interesting a creature. They arrived safe at one of the Fiji Islands, and resided with a certain chief during two years; at the end of which time, hearing of the death of the tyrant of Vavaoo, the young chief returned with his wife to the last-mentioned island, and lived long in peace and happiness.

Such, as to matter of fact, is the substance of the account given by the old mataboole. There was one thing, however, stated, which might appear in opposition to probability, viz. that the chief's daughter remained in the cavern two or three

months, before her lover found an opportunity of taking her to the Fiji Islands: if this be true, there must have been some other concealed opening in the cavern to have afforded a fresh supply of air. With a view to ascertain this, Mr. Mariner swam with the torch in his hand up both the avenues before spoken of, but without discovering any opening; he also climbed every accessible place, with as little success. At the time Jeremiah Higgins was in this cavern it was nearly low water. He felt a draught of air coming from the left, and on examining the source of it found a hole, which he thinks was more than a foot diameter, from which proceeded a tolerably strong and steady breeze, but not the least glimmer of light. This opening he guesses to have been about four feet above the surface of the water at that time. When Mr. Mariner was there, it must have been nearly high water, and the hole probably covered: and even if it were not concealed, it would transmit no current of air inwardly unless the tide was going out, which he thinks was not the case. At the time Higgins was there the weather was perfectly calm, not a breath of wind stirring; consequently, the influx of air must have been occasioned by the descent of the surface of water within: on the other hand, when the water rises, the air must rush out. This cavern, therefore, may be said to respire like an animal; the rise and fall of the tide acting as a diaphragm, and the above-mentioned narrow passage as a breathing-hole. Higgins also heard the story of the young chief and his mistress, which perfectly accorded in all the material points with what is told above: it appears from his narration, as well as from Mr. Mariner's, that the natives give this account of the two lovers as a piece of true history, not a romance. There is a sort of shelf at the farther end of the cavern and high up, which is pointed out as having been used for a bed-place.

FEMALE PHILOSOPHY.

George Dashley, a lively, dissipated man of fashion, married, while very young, a lady whose disposition strongly resembled his own: it would be difficult to find a couple who agreed better. She passed her mornings in shopping, visiting, or going from one exhibition to another; balls, routs, the theatres, and cards filled up her evenings. His pursuits were equally frivolous, but much more reprehensible. Both considered home only as a place to sleep, dress, and receive company in. No woman in the circles of fashionable life did the honours of her house with a better grace than Mrs. Dashley; her husband was so delighted with the ease, elegance, and vivacity with which she received his friends, that he more than once declared he regretted the multiplicity of engagements which so completely occupied his time as to prevent the possibility of his becoming acquainted with her.

At the end of five years, however, a circumstance occurred which promised to place the husband and

wife upon a more intimate footing. Mrs. Dashley was told one night on her return from a ball, that Mr. Dashley begged to have the honour of breakfasting with her the next morning at ten o'clock. "Bless me," cried she to her woman, "what can possibly induce him to rise so early? Are you certain that you have not mistaken the hour?"—"Quite certain, ma'am."—"Well, as it is so long since we have breakfasted together, I cannot very well refuse, though I foresee I shall have a headache all day if I get up so unconscionably early. Be sure, however, that you call me in time."

The *femme de chambre* was punctual, and at ten o'clock Mrs. Dashley took her place at the breakfast-table.

"Well, my dear," cried she to her husband, "I hope you have some charming plan to propose, which will make me amends for the loss of my night's rest."

"I wish I had," cried Dashley with a sigh, "but, unfortunately, what I have to tell you is not of a pleasurable nature."

"No! for Heaven's sake what is it then?"

"Compose yourself, my dear Hortensia!" said Dashley kindly, "I ought to have warned you long since of the necessity there was that we should circumscribe our expenses; but though I was conscious that we lived beyond our income, I was not uneasy, because I firmly expected that my law-suit with Mr. Thornbury would be decided in my favour, and the ready money which I should then receive would be more than sufficient to extricate us from our embarrassments. Unfortunately the cause has been decided against me, and all that remains to us is the little estate in Derbyshire, to which we must instantly retire, since it is impossible for us to live even in the most moderate style in London."

"Tell me," cried Mrs. Dashley eagerly, "shall you be able to pay all you owe?"

"Yes, every shilling."

"Heaven be praised! to have ruined ourselves is bad enough, but to reflect that others also owed their ruin to us would have been insupportable. When must we set out?"

"In two days at farthest."

Mrs. Dashley, without replying, retired to prepare for her journey. She was ready at the appointed time; and on a dismal day in the latter end of February they set out for their house in Derbyshire, now the only habitation which they had left.

Dashley was gloomy and silent; his wife addressed him two or three times, but he made short replies, and soon sunk into a reverie, which Mrs. Dashley did not disturb.

When they arrived at their house, the appearance of which was extremely comfortless, Dashley could contain himself no longer; he burst into an invective on his own folly, mingling his self-reproaches with bitter regrets for the state to which he had reduced Mrs. Dashley and himself.

Mrs. Dashley saw that it was not a moment to argue with him, and she accordingly suffered him to give vent to his feelings; but the little she said was calculated to sooth their bitterness, and he went to bed more composed.

The next morning he rose late, and rang for breakfast, which he

meant as usual to have taken alone, but the servant brought Mrs. Dashley's compliments, she had waited breakfast in hopes of the pleasure of his company.

Now this is really attentive, thought Dashley, and he sent word that he would wait upon her directly; but when he entered the breakfast-parlour in his dressing-gown, he felt ashamed of his negligent appearance, on seeing his wife, attired in a neat and becoming dishabille, seated at the tea-table.

Although Dashley was little inclined to talk, his wife contrived to draw him into conversation; she told him, that she had been all over the house, that she found it much more comfortable than she expected, and that in a little time she was sure she should feel quite at home.

Dashley, who was really good-natured, did not like to throw a damp upon her spirits; he even fancied that the apartment, now enlivened by a blazing fire, looked much more comfortable than it had done the preceding evening: but he sighed deeply as he observed, that he feared they should find the neighbourhood a wretched one.

"Then," said Mrs. Dashley, "we must look for amusement within doors."

"Amusement!" repeated Dashley in the most doleful tone imaginable.

"Yes, certainly, we cannot exist without pursuits of some kind or other; it is impossible to continue here those which we have hitherto followed; and *entre nous* I know not, after all, why we should wish to continue them; at least I can say for myself, that mine were not of a nature on which I can reflect with pleasure: why then should I not try such others as are in my power?"

"I admire your philosophy," said Dashley in a tone of pique; "and pray what others do you mean to try?"

"Several; the great secret, I believe, of passing time pleasantly is to employ it constantly. I must learn to look after my domestic affairs, and with them, needle-work, drawing, and botanizing a little in my walks, I shall contrive to employ my mornings. The occasional society of our neighbours, for I have learned that we have some, music, and reading, will serve pretty well to fill up the evenings. Besides, a good deal of my time will be occupied in making a conquest of you."

"A conquest of me!" repeated Dashley, looking at her with an air of comic surprise.

"Yes," replied she laughing, but at the same time blushing deeply, "do you think the thing is impossible?"

"No," cried Dashley, who was somewhat flattered, though he believed her in joke, "by no means; but I am afraid that ten years of dissipation have rendered me rather inaccessible to the attacks of the blind deity."

"So much the better. I feel now more confident of success; nay, I know that I shall succeed. This declaration of yours is an additional stimulus, for there is nothing I like so well as to have difficulties to conquer."

Dashley smiled, as he said mentally, if that is the case then I fancy you will have no cause to complain of not having difficulties.

But he did not know the spirit

and perseverance of his better half, whom Nature had formed in one of her happiest moods. Hortensia possessed the art of looking only on the bright side of things, an art of the greatest importance, but one which is little practised. Married at a very early age, she felt disposed to love her husband, but his indifference to herself, and her knowledge of his gallantries, checked her regard for him, and she entered with perhaps too much avidity into dissipation; but though thoughtless and extravagant, she was neither incorrigible nor unprincipled, and the manner in which she supported her reverse of fortune did equal honour to her heart and her head.

For some time Dashley found it absolutely impossible to imitate the gay philosophy of his wife; in truth, he had lost in dissipation all taste for simple pleasures, and it required all Hortensia's address to lead him to such pursuits as were likely to deliver him from the demon of *ennui*. Luckily for her, she found a very able auxiliary in the clergyman of the parish. This gentleman was a very good agriculturist; he was also of a literary turn. In a few months Hortensia had the pleasure to see that her husband and the rector were upon the best terms, and that Dashley began to take pleasure in being employed.

Dashley himself was surprised to find that the time no longer hung heavy on his hands, but he was still more astonished to perceive, that the society of his wife, which he never before thought of enjoying, was now become absolutely necessary to his happiness. Mrs. Dashley, however, was too good a politician to let him have as much as he pleased of her company; she spent a great part of her time in her own apartments, but those hours which she gave to her husband were rendered very delicious to him by her constant cheerfulness, and her talents for conversation: few women indeed could excel her in this latter respect. Dashley soon relished his plain dinners more than he had formerly done the most luxurious repasts; by degrees he recovered his spirits, and began to think of contributing his share to the entertainment of his wife, the vicar, and three or four sensible neighbours, who sometimes enlivened their fireside.

The country air had restored to Mrs. Dashley the bloom and *en bon point* which dissipation had robbed her of. Dashley had said to himself a hundred times, that if she was not his wife, he should think her very lovely. Suddenly, however, an alteration took place in her looks; she became thin, pale, and seemed seriously ill, yet she persisted in refusing to have advice. One day when she had been compelled to retire to her chamber, because she had a violent headache, Dashley followed her. "I am come to reproach you, Hortensia," said he, taking a seat by her side.

"Indeed!" said she with a faint smile, "and pray what is my fault?"

"A very serious one in my eyes. You have, I know not how, contrived to convert what I considered as my greatest misfortune into a blessing. You have given me a relish for a mode of life which I never thought I should have been able to endure; in doing so, you have convinced me that much of my future happiness must depend

upon you; and yet after doing all this, you cruelly persist in risking your own life and my peace, by obstinately refusing to seek a remedy for a malady which is evidently consuming you."

The most brilliant glow mantled on the cheek of Mrs. Dashley, while she said in a voice of more than usual softness, "My dear George, there is no occasion for advice; I assure you I am not ill."

"Hortensia, it is impossible to suffer you longer to persist in what I term cruelty to me and yourself. I shall send immediately for a physician."

He rose to leave the room; Mrs. Dashley caught his arm; she gave a timid glance at her waist; Dashley's eye followed hers; he saw with surprise and delight that it had lost something of its beautiful symmetry. — Hortensia's blushes were now intelligible, and the transported husband, folding her in his arms, exclaimed, "Your prophecy is accomplished, my beloved, and your conquest is complete!"

It was complete. Hortensia presented him in a few months with a little girl as lovely as herself, and this new tie upon his affection, added to the endearing and amiable conduct of his wife, rendered him a constant and happy husband. Perfectly satisfied with the moderate income which he still possessed, he devoted his time to useful and innocent pursuits; and he often declares, that he is indebted to the use which his wife made of their reverse of fortune, for more real felicity than he ever enjoyed in the midst of affluence.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Seraph, a Collection of Sacred Music, suitable to public and private Devotion, consisting of the most celebrated Psalm and Hymn Tunes, with Selections from the Works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Pleyel, and favourite English and Italian Composers, adapted to Words from Milton, Young, Watts, Addison, Wesley, Merrick, Cowper, Henry Kirke White, Dr. Collyer, &c.; to which are added many original Pieces: composed, and the whole arranged for four Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte or Organ and Violoncello, by John Whitaker.—No. I. Pr. 5s.

The nature of this work will be understood from the title, which we have copied at full length. Messrs. Button, Whitaker, and Co. the publishers, intend to complete it in sixteen monthly numbers, each at the above-mentioned price, to contain sixty pages of music. The typographical execution of the specimen before us, like many other of their publications, is elegance itself; but if the words could admit of a larger type, a great improvement would be attained, especially as four persons are to sing from the same volume. Perhaps the addition of each vocal part separately, the purchase of which might be optional and of no great amount, would be acceptable to many. With regard to the intrinsic merit of the work, we are able to declare, that the selection, as far as it has gone, evinces taste and judgment, and

the adaptation for four voices is throughout extremely satisfactory. The same is the case with the accompaniments, which combine simplicity with effectiveness of harmony. Mr. Whitaker's own original compositions, of which there are five or six in this number, have our entire approbation. "The Storm," in particular, does him great credit: it is an impressive and, as to harmony, highly clever performance. Although the work is intended for a sacred purpose, the musical amateurs will derive a high gratification from the execution of many of its pieces on occasions not absolutely devotional. We do not know whether we shall be deemed authorized to state any objections to the introduction of profane melodies into divine service, as the practice is so very common in this country. With us, however, the association of ideas, by means of musical sounds, is so certain and instantaneous, that we cannot hear an opera tune at church without immediately recollecting the situations, actors, countenances, &c. by means of which the primitive impression took place. In this respect, therefore, special discretion may be recommendable in the continuation of *The Seraph*, more particularly as *very* few melodies, if any, not written for devotional purposes, possess the simplicity and stern solemnity which form the essential requisites in sacred music.

"*Scots who hae wi' Wallace bled,*" *sung by Mr. Braham at Covent-Garden Theatre in Guy Mannering; the Symphony and Piano-Forte Accompaniments composed* by Mr. Braham. Button and Whitaker, St. Paul's Church-yard. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Our readers are long acquainted with this impressive Scotch air, and most of them probably have witnessed or heard with what enthusiasm its delivery by Mr. Braham in the above-mentioned drama was greeted. Like his "Robin Adair," he was called upon to sing it three times successively on each performance. A sort of fac-simile, therefore, of that execution, proceeding from Mr. Braham himself, must naturally excite increased interest. The arrangement is simple, and consequently, in this case, as it should be. In the symphony, however, we observe, rather with surprise, some very peculiar modulations.

Tre piccole Ariette, coll' Accompagniamento di Forte-Piano, dedicate a Miss Amelia Culling Smith, da G. Liverati. Op. 4.

Although the author has affixed to these airs the modest epithet *piccole*, they must not be mistaken for trifles. We have derived a high degree of gratification from this performance. The first, in F major, sets out with the question, *Da me, che vuoi?* in the most apt and natural manner; the expression of *d'un infelice* is equally happy, and the conclusion of the first strain, voice as well as accompaniment, devised with much feeling. The second air, in A minor, of but three lines, is exquisitely delicate, and shews, by various original turns, that real talent will manifest itself in the most confined space assigned to its scope. The changes from minor to major, and *vice versà*, as well as the few modulations, are in the best classic style, and the sim-

ple accompaniment is devised with the utmost taste. The subject of the poetry being the lament of a Scottish lass, a small tinge of Scotch style has occasionally been introduced. We are glad to perceive no more of it in *this* instance; the shortening of the notes which bear the accent, in favour of those which do not, produces a quaint snapping in the Scotch songs which is not to *our* taste. The last *arietta*, a prayer to the goddess of love, is perhaps in a style somewhat too familiar for such an invocation, and, upon the whole, less original than its predecessors; but it possesses other distinguishing features of merit: its animated and impassioned melody is coloured with various decorative figures of peculiar elegance, and the accompaniment more elaborate and florid, so as to support the voice richly throughout.

We must not omit doing ample justice to the scrupulous attention to tasteful execution which the author has evinced in this publication. Every shade of expression is minutely indicated by proper marks. These we particularly recommend to the strict notice of the amateur, since their observance will not only infinitely enhance the effect of these airs, but generally improve his taste and feeling for other occasions, and banish that sweet unmeaning languor, which in the vocal efforts of northern nations is but too prevalent even with the most exquisite voices. In this respect Mr. L.'s three ariettas before us may be considered as so many lessons for the vocal student.

The Gordon Waltz for the Piano-Forte, composed for, and most respectfully inscribed to, the Right Hon. Lady Jane Gordon, by James Calkin. Pr. 2s.

A movement in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, of a gentle, melodious character, and throughout satisfactory, affords an apt introduction to the main piece. Of this latter (in C major), unassuming and simple as it is in its texture, we are likewise warranted in expressing a favourable opinion. The several subdivisions in the allied keys of F and G blend into a connected agreeable whole; a few easy modulations, *p.* 4, produce the intended effect of relief; the passages towards the end are neat; and the conclusion itself deserves commendation. The facility and attractive nature of this composition render it very eligible for the practice of the pupil.

Lady Avondel's Song, the Words taken from "The Refusal," by Mrs. West; composed, and respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Holroyd, by Miss Cecilia Burney. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Our judgment of this composition, which bears the marks of an amateur's pen, is of a mixed nature: there are merits and defects. Among the former we reckon a considerable degree of taste, delicate feeling, and a certain portion of originality. On the other hand, it appears as if the fair authoress had wished to make the most of the few words of her poet. These are stretched through long bars of slow progress, frequently at the rate of a monosyllable per bar, and sometimes even less. Thus, "lost thy heart," or "thee, my tears," for instance, engross three bars each respectively; "strive" a bar and half, &c. We do not say, that occasionally such extensions may not

be admissible, but here they prevail throughout the song, and, together with a great sameness of accompaniment (in which one particular passage appears to have been the special favourite), produce a monotonous sort of whining, even where the ideas themselves are far from being uninteresting. The text, especially in the latter half, is certainly of a very sombre cast; but in music the expression of deep melancholy requires discreet use, and demands relief by means of less sombre ideas. To these general remarks we shall add one or two of a special nature. The symphony lacks rhythmical symmetry, and begins with a seventh, a licence which we can the less admit in a composition of this description, as it is but rarely resorted to by the greatest authors. The E to "not," *p*. 3, *b*. 2, discords with the accompaniment. The F ※ before the F ♮ at "and grief," *p*. 4, is a little eccentric, and not easy to every singer. We have rather exceeded our usual limits in this article, because we saw in Miss B.'s labour indications of so favourable and promising a nature, that we thought it our duty to give a candid opinion, which, if correct, might tend to future improvement.

"*The Morning of Love*," *a Song from Melincourt; the Music composed, and dedicated to Miss Gale*, by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 2s.

An elegant little song; its melody proceeds, in easy unaffected flow, through a succession of chaste and tender ideas; every note fits the text; and the accompaniment, without being crowded, is select, varied, and effective. The solving discord at "parch and destroy" is finely applied, and the portion in the dominant of the key well devised and introduced. None of Mr. K.'s vocal productions has given us more satisfaction than this; its charm lies in its chaste simplicity.

L'Allegrezza, Rondino for the Piano-Forte, composed by C. L. Lithander. Op. 9. Pr. 2s. 6d.

L'Allegrezza, in C major, is one of those scarce musical productions which combine absolute facility of execution with pleasing melody, good harmony, and absence of commonplace triviality. This rare merit we have on former occasions discovered in some of Mr. L.'s compositions, and in the present rondino it is particularly obvious. The subject, in the pastoral style, is at once attractive; the ideas deduced from it not only maintain a resemblance of general character, but follow each other in natural and easy succession; the changes of key are apt, and in some instances, as that to D, *p*. 4, of a select description; and the few modulations that occur are conducted in the best taste.

Three Waltzes and Trios, composed, and most respectfully dedicated to Miss Carew, by G. W. Maddison. Pr. 2s.

If we are to judge of Mr. Maddison's compositorial qualifications from these waltzes (and we do not recollect to have seen any other musical publication of his), we are free to acknowledge, on the one hand, the existence of natural musical talent, and a considerable degree of inventive originality; while, on the other, we obviously perceive crudities, which bespeak the want of a regular course of musical stu-

dy. His labour resembles the productions of amateurs untutored by science, and the resemblance is the stronger in proportion as he ventures upon the *récherche*. In waltz 1. the first strain sets out with a bass of naked and continual B's, which may be executed by a drum; the 2d and 3d strains are fair enough. Against the 4th strain, saving its awkward conclusion, we have no decided objection; but in its sequel *(p. 2, l. 1, b. 3)* the E ♮, which we suppose was meant to resolve from the key of B to F, is quite out of place, as the next bar still dwells in B. The beginning of the next line is quite unintelligible and bad, and forms a marked contrast with the more deserving concluding four bars. In the second waltz more originality is aimed at, but the attempt, in most cases, has been unsuccessful. The 2d strain is without rhythm, trifling, and strangely sprinkled with semiquavered F, C's to spin out the quantum of eight bars. In the third subdivision, the leaps across the left hand produce objectionable octaves; the next, and last strain before the trio, ventures out of the beaten track most unsuccessfully: the whole is very uncouth. The trio is not amiss, especially the first strain; in the second we have some learned evolutions, and, with them, some objectionable progressions. Throughout these waltzes the proper fundamental bass notes are frequently missing: by adding them below the author's bass, and considering the latter as a middle part, we have more than once rendered his harmony acceptable to our ears. We have already exceeded our intended quantum of space; we can, therefore, say but a few words on the third waltz. Upon the whole we consider it the best; some of the ideas are select, in the true Vienna *Ländler* style; but the accompaniment is often imperfect, and sometimes bad *(e. g.* trio *b.* 3).

A Voluntary for the Organ, in a familiar Style, suited to Church Service; composed and selected by S. F. Rimbault, Organist of St. Giles's in the Fields. No. VI. Op. 5. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This voluntary consists of two movements, both of which are in the style of ancient compositions of this class, simple, but correct and satisfactory. The first movement, an adagio, is of rather a severe character, and some of its ideas are not new to us, but they combine into a proper whole. The second movement is a march, the subject of which is acknowledged to be by the late Mr. Burbidge. Some echoes are aptly introduced; the texture of the whole is also plain, but offers no feature liable to critical objection. All proceeds regularly, and well proportioned as to rhythm; and the execution is void of difficulty.

"Les Plaisirs de l'Eté," a familiar Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed by James Clarke. Pr. 1s. 6d.

An easy trifle, of simple materials, yet agreeable in the whole, and satisfactory enough in point of melodic context and harmonic treatment. In the fourth bar, however, and its repetitions, we observe a flow. The D in the bass is harsh. The four quavers had better have been a, f, b, g, omitting the minim f altogether.

"*If Jamie keeps wooing, poor Jenny must go,*" *a favourite Scottish Ballad, sung by Miss Tunstall at the London Concerts; written by Mr. Upton, composed* by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Two strains in A major; the first, in $\frac{4}{4}$ time, ingratiates itself by a properly connected flow of pleasing melody, artless in character, yet interesting. The portion in four sharps is particularly engaging, and well imagined. The strain in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, which follows, begins with a bar very similar to the favourite "Rest thee, babe," but immediately proceeds to different melodic developement. The conclusion, "No, no, no, laddie, no!" could not have been more adequately expressed; it is extremely natural.

DESCRIPTION AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACKERMANN'S PATENT MOVEABLE AXLE FOR CARRIAGES.

THIS new, ingenious, and highly useful invention, applicable to all four-wheeled Carriages, was communicated to the Patentee by the inventor, George Lankensperger of Munich, coachmaker to his Majesty the King of Bavaria; who also transmitted a model, which may be seen at the house of the Patentee, 101, Strand, and from which the annexed designs for the instruction of the workmen have been made. The advantages resulting from this invention are so numerous and important, that it cannot fail in a short time to be considered indispensably necessary to four-wheeled carriages of every kind.

The following is an extract of a letter from the inventor, Mr. Lankensperger, to Mr. Ackermann, which accompanied the model:

"My attention has been for many years engaged in the consideration of the mechanism of four-wheeled carriages, with a view to the improvement of the present construction, and to the reduction of the weight and draught.

"My efforts have not proved fruitless, and I have been so fortunate as to contrive, by means of my newly invented MOVEABLE AXLE, a carriage which requires no more than SIX pieces of timber: whereas, according to the usual mode of construction, about TWENTY are necessary, exclusively of the wheels. The principal advantage, however, resulting from the application of this MOVEABLE AXLE is, that the upper and lower carriage become united into one whole; great simplicity and solidity are produced; the danger of breaking the perch-bolt is entirely prevented; by this mode of placing the springs great elasticity is obtained; and, lastly, the carriage is enabled to turn short, without the least risk, in the smallest possible space—which was, in fact, one of my primary objects, and I trust you will give me credit for having accomplished it.

"The first carriage that I built was a heavy stage-coach or *diligence*, which has now run every day for upwards of eighteen months, frequently carrying upwards of two tons and a half weight over very bad roads, and not a single screw or bolt has yet given way. I have

since built upwards of forty new carriages on this principle; and the following passages from a few out of the numerous attested letters that I have received, will, I dare say, suffice to shew with what approbation my invention has been honoured.

I. The Royal Commissioners of the General Post and Mail Office at Munich, for which I have made a carriage on my principle, attest, "that this carriage has not only proved its strength by bearing considerable weights and frequent use, but also affords the following advantages:

"1. It is possible to turn with it in a very confined space, without danger of upsetting.

"2. Vast space is gained for luggage.

"3. The carriage may be made much shorter than usual.

"4. Owing to this circumstance, as well as to the height of the fore-wheels, the draught is greatly diminished."

II. Mr. Jacob Frederic Schmidt, banker of Augsburg, states—

"That a summer carriage to hold eight persons, made by me, perfectly answers the purpose for which it was intended, and that eight persons may be drawn in it over bad roads by two ordinary horses; and there is also abundance of room for luggage in this carriage."

III. Mr. Westheimer, banker of Munich, for whom I have made a Russian hunting-carriage, called *Wurst-wagen*, to hold seven persons, attests—

"That as the whole carriage, without splinter-bar and pole, consists of only four light pieces of wood, and the carriage turns very easily upon a much smaller space than with the crane-neck, the latter may be wholly dispensed with, and yet equal strength and solidity obtained. This I attest not only in token of my satisfaction, but as a tribute due to truth."

IV. General Count von Zweybrücken, for whom I made an open summer carriage to hold six persons, writes, under date of Dec. 16, 1816—

"That he has used this carriage for five months in the worst bye-roads in hunting and for other purposes, without the smallest accident; that it has an agreeable motion; and deserves particular recommendation for its lightness combined with strength, and its capability of turning short."

This carriage, with every thing belonging to it, weighs only 776 lbs.

V. Mr. von Haberl, first physician to the King of Bavaria, possesses a light carriage with a moveable axle upon my principle, "which," to use his own words, "turns without the perch-bolt and crane-neck, and the carriage is much simplified, and made shorter and lighter, without prejudice to strength and durability."

VI. Joseph Count von Töring Seefeld, captain and aide-de-camp to the King of Bavaria, expresses his satisfaction with a low phaëton made for him, in the following words:

"As I have convinced myself of the durability and lightness, as also of the capability of

turning short in the most confined spaces without a craneneck, I hereby not only assure Mr. George Lankensperger of my entire satisfaction, but also attest that his new invention is worthy of universal adoption."

VII. Mr. Christian Wendling, merchant, and Mr. Franz von Schneederer, municipal counsellor, both of Munich, conjointly attest that carriages built upon my principle possess the following advantages over those upon the old construction:

"1. They allow the heavy and expensive iron crane-necks, and the under carriage, which is liable to so many accidents, with all its appurtenances, to be dispensed with.

"2. The turning of the carriage is rendered infinitely more safe by the MOVEABLE AXLE, as the wheels never change their position, but only their direction: consequently a carriage built upon this principle is always supported upon the same four points, that are constantly at the same distance from one another, and consequently cannot possibly be upset in turning.

"3. The lightness resulting from the above mentioned simplification of carriages, allows twice the weight to be drawn with the same number of horses as by the former construction."

VIII. Mr. Alois Fleckinger, banker of Munich, sold his carriages, and I built him three new ones upon my principle. He attests as follows:

"As the inventor had already made trial of his method with the most decisive success, he obtained many orders, and I employed him to make for me a carriage to hold eight persons, to be drawn by two horses. Convinced of its superior lightness and durability, I ordered two other new carriages, which are already finished. One of them, which serves both for a town and travelling carriage, is rendered particularly light and elegant by its shortness and the height of the fore-wheels."

IX. Charles Count von Baumgarten of Munich, chamberlain to the King of Bavaria, attests as follows:

"George Lankensperger of this city, coachmaker to the king, made last spring for the undersigned a state carriage upon his newly invented principle. As the construction is very much simplified by this method, which requires much less wood and iron; as the carriage admits of being considerably shortened, and gains proportionably in lightness, and may be turned in a very small space, owing to the peculiar structure of the axle; and as this equally ingenious and useful invention deserves to be generally recommended, I am desirous of testifying to the said George Lankensperger my perfect satisfaction on this account.

"CHARLES *Count*
"VON BAUMGARTEN,
"Chamberlain to the King."

"MUNICH, May 10, 1817."

"Besides the above, many other persons of the highest rank and distinction (as Prince Wrede, Field-Marshal of the Bavarian army; his

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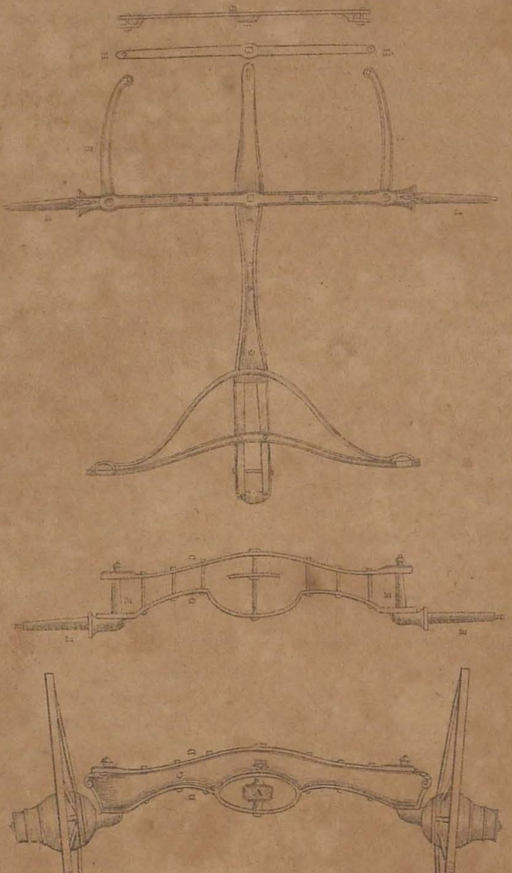
No 1



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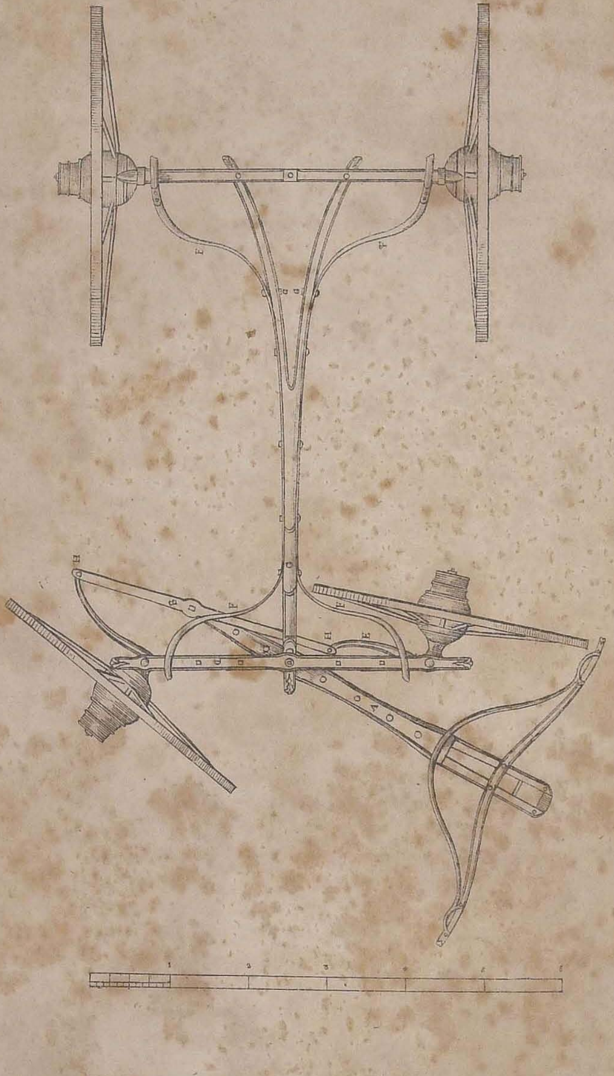


Excellency the English Ambassador; Baron von Eichthal, &c.) possess carriages made by me upon this new principle, from whom I might obtain similar attestations; but I consider the preceding passages, quoted *verbatim* from the originals, conjoined with the patent granted to me by his Majesty the King of Bavaria, as sufficient to place the utility of my invention beyond all doubt.

"GEORGE LANKENSPERGER,
"Coachmaker to the King."

"MUNICH, May 14, 1817."

All the above are certified to be genuine extracts from the original letters by the local authorities of Munich.

EXPLANATION *of three* PRINTS, *shewing side and front Views, Plans, and Sections of* R. ACKERMANN'S PATENT MOVEABLE AXLE, *applicable to all four-wheeled Carriages.*

Fig. 1. A front view of the Axletree-bed, with its timber.

Secondly, the iron-work of the same, without the timber.

Thirdly, the futchel splinter-bar and axle, looking downwards upon it. A is an opening in the lower part of the axletree-bed for the futchel to pass, which is well secured with iron plates on the sides, top, and bottom; at the end is a hole two inches long, and is connected by a bolt with a sunk head to the centre of the sway-bar B*. The spring-transom C has two iron plates, top and bottom, DD, which are secured by six strong bolts. —These plates are considerably thicker at the two ends, and have round holes to receive the vertical axle, which, with the horizontal axle, commonly called the arm, that receives the wheel and the stay E, which supports the sway-bar, is made of forged iron in one whole, and is connected by way of hinges to the sway-bar B at the extremity of H: hence the action of the short turn by the moveable axle is produced, and forms the principal feature of this invention and patent, by which the shortening from 15 to 18 inches in a four-wheeled perch carriage is obtained. It is next to impossible to break the perch-bolt; and even if that should happen, it would not at all endanger the traveller, as the carriage would go on without it, because the fore-wheels are united to the upper carriage itself, and cannot be detached therefrom as on the old construction, where the upper and lower carriage form two distinct parts, which admit of no other union than by the perch-bolt.

Fig. 2. A plan of the carriage, which shews the short turn obtained by the moveable axle; the red circular line to the perch shews the track the stiff axletree would take in this same carriage: this demonstration is obvious and speaks for itself. F four strong iron stays; one end fastens by four bolts with the principal or back plate of the spring to the spring-transom, and by a graceful sweep joins the perch at G; and to this stay is joined with screws and bolts the one that comes from the spring; and thus many pieces of timber and screws are rendered useless and entirely dispensed with: besides, it is ne-

* In the Specification I call the sway-bar the *sympathetic bar*, as by that communication only the pole, futchel, and fore-wheels act in concord.

cessary to observe, that this mode of placing and securing the springs produces more elasticity, more strength, and less weight.

Fig. 3. shews a side view of the carriage with a barouche body on it; and it will easily be perceived, that a coach or chariot, or any other body, may be hung on the same carriage.

Mr. G. DODD of 43, Crawford-street; Mr. BIRCH of 71, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; Mr. MABERLEY, Welbeck-street; Mr. WINDUS, 71, Bishopsgate-street; Mr. JOHNSON, 75, Long-Acre; Messrs. STUBBS and HANCOCK, Whitechapel; Mr. THOMAS KINDER, 84, Gray's Inn-lane; Messrs. ELLIOTT and JEWER, Westminster Bridge; Messrs. MESSER and PAGE, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, and other Coachmakers, are now building Carriages on the principle of ACKERMANN'S PATENT.

N.B. The Fore-Axles, the connecting the Sway-Bar, top and bottom Transom-Plates, Futchel-Irons, Perch-Bolt, &c. &c. are furnished to Gentlemen and Coachmakers by the Patentee, No. 101, Strand; where the Model may be seen.

FINE ARTS.

PICTORIAL CARDS.

PLATE 21.—FOUR PLAYING-CARDS.

THE TEN OF HEARTS. An altar and idol of Indian worship combine the figures of the card, and represent one of the images of the Soors and Assoors, or good and evil genii recorded in the *Mahabbarat*, or Great War, a Sanscreet poem, said to have been translated in the latter part of the eighteenth century, under the title of *Bhagvat-Geeta*, or Dialogues of Creeshna and Arjoon. The original is believed in India to be of so great antiquity as four thousand years, and to contain the chief mysteries of the Hindoo religion of that period*. The face of the idol is formed of the heart, as are also the ornaments of the vases and of the altar.

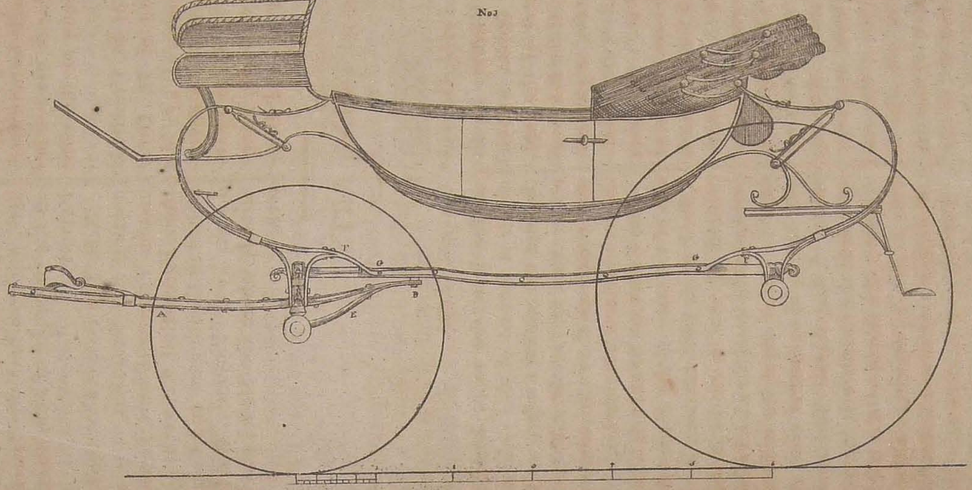
The SIX OF CLUBS. An elegant Grecian figure singing and playing on the lyre, the sound-board of which is formed of the club, and the vase containing flowers is also ornamented by it; the club likewise composes the enrichments of the architectural accessories.

The EIGHT OF SPADES is a portion of the story of the *Fracas*, described in its continuation: it represents Teresa in the little back parlour of the hotel, in which Monsieur Le Pallet made his unfortunate boasts of successes over the master of languages. The spade represents the aperture in the wall as before, the sleeve of the lady's dress, a ridicule, devices on a chair, and other furniture embellishments.

The ACE OF DIAMONDS. This card contains a representation of the Egyptian black idol, a god and prophet of the night: these images were commonly sculptured in black

* Maurice's *Indian Antiquities*.

No. 3



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stone or marble, as were all those representations of the deities presiding over sleep, or the dark hours. All the statues of the Nile were of this complexion, to which the Egyptians seem to have had an early veneration, arising perhaps from circumstances connected with their origin, which habit and tradition had rendered sacred.

BEATRICE, OR THE FRACAS.

(Concluded from p. 183.)

"THE sound of a knocker at midnight," said the Baron Swedenborg, who was not always a visionary, "assures me of the movements of revelry or distress; and my own door never resounds at that hour, but it is the harbinger of some calamity." — Dr. Shwaltzbruck was no disciple of that eminent dreamer, whose nights, it should seem by his many Latin revelations, were not often disturbed by these interruptions: but the doctor, nevertheless, entertained the same opinion, and as the calamity that usually approached his door, by night or by day, was such as to benefit himself, it caused none of those emotions of beneficent feeling that we recognise as belonging to the baron's observation. A physician's sleep, if he have practice, is at best a sort of dog sleep—one ear is ever sentinel to the other's repose; and had they the faculty of movement which is possessed by the ears of some animals who wear them of greater length, the physician's would be seen vibrating in his sleep, and thrust backward, sideways, and forward, to catch the sound of every movement that might occur in its neighbourhood. The rap which Beatrice gave at the chirurgeon's door was gentle, timid, and restrained—it conveyed a faithful report of the anxieties of her heart; and a better judge of these symptoms would have said, "There is modest virtue in affliction at the door," and he would have let it in. But to Shwaltzbruck it told no such tale; to him it seemed the announcement of an abridged fee merely, and he reluctantly called his housekeeper, to inquire if he must needs "go forth" immediately. As the house consisted of only four rooms, that is to say, the shop, the kitchen behind, the upstairs parlour, and the attic, the doctor slept in a recess that had formerly been part of the shop, and which still in the day-time, when his bedstead was metamorphosed into a respectable cabinet, inscribed with many pharmaceutic labels, was the operative surgery:—Beatrice could therefore hear him calling to his ancient damsel, who reposed in the kitchen, and she heard in dismay the grumbling replies of the old woman, as repining at the disturbance, and wondering, mutteringly, that people could not contrive to keep better hours in their mischances; and if they must foolishly be wanting doctors, which for her part she thought they might as well be without, it was hard that she should be disturbed, forsooth, at such an unreasonable time of night, when the morning, or the next day for what she knew, would do quite as well, if not better. All this foreboded an ill reception to the trembling applicant, and she heard the shrill voice of "What would ye, child?" repeated through the still-closed door, before she ob-

tained courage to reply to it.—"Ah! Judith," said Beatrice with a sigh, "it is no sorrow that may be delayed, or that medicine can cure, that now unwillingly disturbs you—it is Beatrice in affliction, in danger, and despair, that asks her kinsman for shelter, Judith, and you for the common offices of humanity."—"She shan't come in—she shan't come in!" cried the doctor in a voice that resembled the explosion of two-penny crackers, and he jumped out of bed to oppose the opening of the door; which Judith had, however, effected before her master could make his way through the labyrinth formed by the counter, stools, and huge mortar, that made up the chief furniture of the apartment.—"She shan't come in, I tell you!" said he in a great fury, seizing the pestle from the mortar, which stood conveniently near the door, that the boy might pound his drugs and take in messages at the same time—"she shan't come in, by——!"

"Patience, patience! in the name of thy blessed saint, patience!" said Judith, preventing the asseveration, "and hear the damsel!—What! Master Shwaltzbruck, your own kin and kind, and in trouble too, and not hear her?"

Judith put out an arm that in length kept both the doctor and his pestle at a distance; for he was but a little man, and somewhat deformed, and age had assisted in the diminution, shrinking him like a dried alligator, until he had become a tolerable subject on which to pursue the study of osteology—this might have been a convenience to a greater novice in the art: Judith, on the contrary, was tall and robust, though considerably advanced in years, and would have been a desirable testimony of the doctor's skill, had she not, as he called it, maintained a fallacious opinion of the mystery, and too often indiscreetly avowed, that she never took "abominable poison."

A sort of cessation of arms had for a moment taken place, accompanied by an awful silence, proceeding from the perplexity of each party; and Beatrice was about to commence her apology and prayer, when a tremendous crash was heard above, on the little winding staircase opposite the spot on which the party stood.—"Beatrice! Beatrice!" said a faint and hollow voice, issuing as it seemed from a gleam of light which increased as the sound became more audible, and immediately there appeared, as she imagined, the spectre of the murdered master of languages. It descended slowly, holding with one hand the pillar about which the stairs revolved, and bearing the night-lamp in the other; yet neither hand was seen, for the arms were clothed by sleeves of an enormous length, that seemed to the alarmed imagination as streaming with blood, and the body was enveloped in a vestment of an unearthly shape: its face was pale and ghastly, the eyes sunk deep in their sockets, and its body, formerly respectable enough, shrunk to a spectre-like insubstantiality—it was a *translation* of the master of languages! His bald head was nearly covered with a huge black plaster, that added to his paleness a more deathlike hue; and his knees trembling under him, gave to the light a tremulous motion, that ren-

dered the features less distinct and the sight more appalling. Beatrice shrieked in amazement and terror; but the old woman, with a sneer at the doctor, as indicating his want of skill, begged her not to be alarmed, for it was only the poor gentleman that doctor's stuff had made worse, and whom she could have made well long ago, if her master would have permitted her; for she knew he was not much beside his wits, although certainly he talked so many languages that nobody could understand him.

During this time the doctor was motionless with contending feeling; at length, in a fury, he brandished the pestle in fearful threats at the poor linguist, whom he ordered to remount to his chamber in the attic:—but it was too late—the effort had exhausted his strength, and he fell to the ground seemingly in a dying state. The chirurgeon himself became alarmed, and began to apply means for reviving him; but Judith insisted that he was dying, and needed the comfortable presence of some ghostly father; and while the doctor was busied in his way, she rushed out of doors, and presently returned with the object of her pursuit. The sick man revived, and becoming delighted with the presence of the venerable comforter, he began to relate the particulars of his durance, and in his haste he attempted to do so in the mixture of dialects and tongues that had assured the same priest of the disorder of his intellects nearly a month before, and by which only he could have recognised the object that claimed his attention on the stormy night of St. Benedict, when, in the career of his fury, Mons. Le Pallet and himself were proceeding to adjust their mutual differences.—"Surely," said the good man, "surely it must be the gentleman I confided to the care of this house some weeks ago, and still he is here, and in this condition!—How is this?" said he addressing the doctor, who by this time had assumed some decent habiliments and all the gravity of his profession. He shook his head, and significantly hinted that the poor man's intellects were unsettled, and that it would be dangerous to disturb him by such questions. Father Anselm took the sick man kindly by the hand, and feeling his pulse, also shook his head, but it was with a conviction of another sort; and he desired to know what was meant by the strange dress in which the linguist was found. Judith explained this, by stating that it was her master's morning-gown, to which, by his desire, she had sewed the leg parts of a pair of red yarn hose, so as to lengthen the arms, and which her master had applied by way of a straight waistcoat; putting it upon his patient the back part before, crossing the arms and fastening it behind, he had so disqualified him from doing mischief either to himself or to others. "But, poor gentleman!" said she, "I suppose he has accidentally loosened it to-night, and so found his way down stairs; I wonder he has not broke his neck over the water-jug and crockery at the head of the stairs."

She then took a light, and mounting the staircase, she presently screamed out, "The Lord be good to us! if he has not broken all the

brittlery, and the stairs and the top parlour are all in a swim—the Lord be good to us!—And you, you dull, stupid, go-to-sleep, never-waking wretch!" said she, thumping something that sounded like a hard bolster, that cried out "What's the matter now?" and seemed to sleep again—"and you must needs be letting the gentleman get out of the room and do all this mischief, although I have daily done half the work of the shop that you might be better able to keep watch at night—but it's ill your master always got at your hands, you stupid dolt you!"

Beatrice, who had retired with alarm to the jutting window of the shop, was now sufficiently recovered to apply the circumstances of the night to her own advantage; and she forthwith told the holy father of the opinions entertained, that the good man had been murdered, and that she had been involved in the suspicion; and that others her friends were not only in the same predicament, but in great peril, being yet in the confinement from which she had but just escaped. The linguist groaned deeply, and faintly uttered, "I'm not mad—I'm not mad—indeed I am not!" and relapsed into one of those faintings from which he had just recovered on the arrival of the priest.

The doctor began to see that he had carried the matter rather too far, that his avarice had made him overstep the limits of professional practice, and that an inquiry might not only subject him to the loss of his projected charges, but of his reputation also; taking, therefore, the unoccupied hand of the linguist, he gravely pronounced a favourable turn in the disorder, attributing the conquest to his unceasing attention, and particularly to the black plaster which so effectually disfigured his patient.

During these events the holy father sat beside the sick man, his brows darkly contracted, and the movement of deep indignation agitated them as the chirurgeon pronounced his own eulogium; he then arose with great solemnity, and addressing Beatrice, he said, "Stop here, child! to you I confide this unfortunate, warning that bad man, that further interference shall be at his peril:" and casting a look of sympathy and self-reproving tenderness on the linguist, he hastily departed.

Such were the measures pursued by the good priest, that the musician and Teresa were speedily liberated, and Beatrice happily restored to her occupations, the chirurgeon being compelled to make ample compensation for her losses, beyond which his means were not capable, so that the other parties were fain to be content without it: and perhaps the law itself was inadequate to oblige him to provide further indemnities, had it been otherwise; for it too frequently happens in governments even the best legislated, that a deeply rooted wickedness is found to be intangible to the law, whilst crimes of a less nature, and often the immediate results of necessity or misfortune, may be severely visited by its operations.

The *éclaircissement* of the *Fracas* and its consequences re-established the ladies in the good opinion of their neighbours, and the hotel was visited even more numerously than

before. The young notary having succeeded his old and lately deceased master in the business of city scribe, he renewed with success his amorous solicitations, and eventually led the grateful Beatrice to the altar; who having transferred the business of the hotel to her cousin, she left her in full possession of the inviting stimulus to German courtesy ever afforded by beauty and good cheer. Mons. Le Pallet never returned; so that the musician had lost both his competitors, for the master of languages had been cured of the tender passion by the black plaster and other specifics: but the musician was sadly perplexed by certain qualms of jealousy, that ever brought the painter to his imagination as being the lord of Teresa's affections: these were, however, soon and fortunately dismissed, for having accidentally beheld her sporting with her monkey, whom she had designated her "dear Le Pallet," he boldly construed her endearments as sarcastic reproofs of the painter's follies, and, as other wise men have been before, he was mistaken. In due time the parties were united, and at this hour they each pursue their respective occupations: the lively painter is not wholly forgotten; it may nevertheless be said, that the musician and his wife live together in perfect harmony.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 22.—WALKING DRESS.

A CAMBRIC muslin round dress, the skirt gored and rather full; the bottom is finished by a deep flounce of soft muslin, which is cut in scollops, and edged with narrow lace; this flounce is surmounted by a broad piece of soft muslin honeycombed, and finished at each edge by muslin scollops. High body, made tight to the shape, and richly let in with work. Plain long sleeve, finished at the wrist by three narrow scolloped flounces. Over this dress is worn a pelisse composed of lavender-coloured *reps* silk, and lined with white sarsnet; it is fastened down the front by white silk buttons, and is ornamented at the bottom of the skirt with a rouleau of white satin, which is entwined with lavender-coloured silk cord. The back is tight to the shape, and has a narrow braiding at each side. The front is finished as far as the waist by rich white silk frogs and braiding. There is a small standing collar, which is lined with white satin. The sleeve is rather tight, and surmounted by an epaulette, which is looped to the shoulder, and ornamented with a white cord and tassels. Small white lace ruff. Head-dress the *chapeau et toque de Berri*: the *toque* part is composed of lavender-coloured satin, the hat of velvet to correspond; the crown is very low, the brim deep, and turns up all round; a full plume of white ostrich feathers is placed so as to fall over to the left side. Kid gloves, and half-boots to correspond with the pelisse.

PLATE 23.—EVENING DRESS.

A white gauze round dress, the bottom of the skirt finished by a large rouleau of white satin; the rouleau is ornamented at regular distances with braids of lemon-coloured satin, and is surmounted by three bands of lemon-coloured satin. The body is made plain, and higher than they are generally worn; it is finished round the bust by a single fall of blond lace set on almost plain. Short full sleeve, confined at the bottom by a row of white satin points. A lemon-coloured satin body, cut extremely low round the bust, is worn over the gauze one; it is finished round the waist in the French style by *tabs*, and has a small epaulette, which stands up on the shoulder, of a very novel form. Head-dress the Cambridge *toque*, composed of British net and pale lemon-coloured satin; it is of a moderate height, ornamented round the top of the crown by rolls of pale lemon-coloured satin: a bird of paradise plume is placed on one side. Necklace and ear-rings pearl. White levantine slippers, and white kid gloves. A plaid scarf, composed of net silk, is thrown carelessly over the shoulders.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Our fair fashionables now exchange the rich but heavy drapery of winter for the gay costume of spring; yet we must own that it is rather in the materials than the form of their dresses that we perceive novelty, for pelisses and spencers still continue in general estimation both for carriage and promenade costume. For the latter they are composed of *reps* silk, levantine, or plain sarsnet, and lined with white sarsnet. They are universally made tight to the shape, the waist very short, and the sleeve a moderate width. Epaulettes are very general: they are either composed of satin, or if they are of the same material as the pelisse, they are intermixed with satin; those which are made exceedingly full, the fulness confined by bands of satin placed lengthwise, are considered very fashionable.

Satin ribbon and rich fringe are now the favourite materials for trimming pelisses. Six or eight pipings of satin disposed in waves, which go all round the pelisse, is a trimming much in favour: these are generally of white satin. Ribbon is usually disposed in shells. Silk plush, though it is rather late in the season, is worn by many *élégantes;* it is put on all round the pelisse either in one broad band or three narrow ones.

Spencers, which are also made of stout silk, are likewise in estimation for the promenade; but we have not observed any novelty either in their form or trimming worthy of the attention of our subscribers.

Promenade bonnets are composed of Leghorn, straw, and satin; but a very novel and elegant article has appeared, which promises to become a greater favourite both in the carriage and promenade costume than any of these materials; it is a mixture of straw and silk, invented, as we understand, by Mr. Conabe of Meard's-street, Soho. There is great variety in this article; sometimes it is white, sometimes straw-colour, and frequently it is striped. Among the bonnets

submitted to our inspection, there were some white ones with a narrow bright green stripe, which were very elegant, and highly appropriate to the present season. We shall endeavour to give next month a print of one of these bonnets.

In the carriage costume we find only pelisses or spencers; the most elegant of the former are composed of cream-coloured *reps* silk, rose and white shot sarsnet, or pale blue levantine. We have seen a very elegant carriage pelisse made of the first of the above materials: it is a three-quarter height; the body made to fit the shape exactly, but sloped in front so as to display the under-dress almost to the waist: it is finished round the bust by a small cream-coloured satin pelerine. The long sleeve is surmounted by a half-sleeve of satin to correspond; this is very short and full; the fulness is divided by a rich pea-green silk cord, brought in three divisions from the shoulder, and ending in a rich tassel in the middle of the arm. The pelisse is trimmed all round with a wreath of apple-blossoms in *chenille*, which has a beautiful effect; the bottom of the long sleeve is embroidered to correspond.

We must observe, that walking bonnets are worn with remarkably low crowns, the brims enormously large, quite square, and so low at the sides as to meet under the chin. They are ornamented with ribbons and flowers. For the dress promenade or carriage costume, the hat given in our print is indisputably the most novel and elegant. Half gipsy hats, composed of straw and silk, white chip, and white satin, are also much in favour. Feathers are still worn, but flowers begin to supersede them. Wreaths of convolvuluses, hyacinths, and dog-roses are much in request; bunches of Provence roses and fancy flowers are also worn.

Fancy hats of mixed and wove straw have succeeded Leghorn: the Union hat, from the novelty and richness of the material, is much admired; it is formed of pearl (*baleine perleé*) with fine satin straw, or *tresse d'Italie;* the crown is low, and the front is thrown quite off the face, and turns tastefully down to the chin. *Le tout-ensemble est charmant et superbe.*

Muslin is now universally adopted for dishabille. Robes, so much in favour last year for morning dress, are again revived, and in as high estimation as ever. We have been favoured by a fashionable *marchande des modes* in St. James's-street with a sight of several: the form of these robes is elegantly simple; the skirt is of a moderate fulness, the body quite high, the back draws in with an easy fulness to the waist, the front is made to the shape; the sleeves are considerably wider than those worn for dinner dress. These robes are always open in front; if they are made in cambric or thick jaconot muslin, they are trimmed all round with a broad piece of thin jaconot muslin honeycombed; about an inch of the muslin is generally left to form a flounce at each edge: the bottom of the sleeve is finished in a similar manner.

Several of these robes are richly worked all round. The sleeves of these are finished at the wrist by a profusion of work. *Fichus* composed of thin jaconot muslin, trimmed sometimes with lace, but more

generally with rich work, are an indispensable appendage to these robes: the *fichu* is always made with a high collar, which comes close round the throat, and has always either four or five rows of lace or work.

We had expected that this month would afford us some novelty in the form of dinner dress, but we have been disappointed. Frocks still continue in greater estimation than any thing else, and their simple form leaves us nothing to describe. India muslin is now in much estimation for dinner dress, but silks still continue, and are expected to continue, very fashionable. Poplins and bombazeens have disappeared. The trimming of muslin dresses consists of either lace or work: if the latter, the bottom of the skirt is richly embroidered in five or six rows of work; between each row a piece of muslin is generally disposed either in corkscrew-rolls or honeycombs, and the skirt is usually finished at the bottom with a broad flounce of rich work.

If the trimming is lace, there are three flounces, each of which is headed by a row of puffed muslin; these puffs are finished by rosettes or bows of ribbon. The half-sleeves of dresses trimmed in this manner are always interspersed with bows of ribbon, and the waist is ornamented with a sash, tied in a bow and long ends behind.

Gauze seems at this moment more tonish than any thing else for full dress. The most striking novelty in evening costume is the one we have given in our print; but we have been favoured, by the lady to whom we are indebted for the morning dress we have just described, with a sight of the bridal paraphernalia of a young lady of high rank. The bridal dress is of rich white silk; the form a frock, cut very low round the bust; short sleeves, which are very full, and finished in a rich and novel style with a profusion of French lace. The bust is ornamented with a fall of lace to correspond, which is caught up at distances of little more than a nail by rosettes of satin ribbon. The bottom of the skirt is richly finished with flounces of broad lace.

There are also several frocks of different coloured gauze, each trimmed with the same material intermixed with white satin. One of these, finished round the bottom of the skirt with a drapery flounce, struck us as particularly elegant.

Though not in the habit of noticing court costume, yet as novelty in every way is our object, we cannot refrain from noticing a new court hoop, the invention of the *marchande des modes* of whom we have just spoken: it is constructed upon a principle which removes all the inconveniences of a hoop; a lady is as much at her ease in one as in her usual dress. They are also smaller than those generally worn, and the effect is consequently much more graceful and becoming to the figure.

Morning *cornettes* and half-dress caps are now universally worn low in the caul: for the first, the mob form prevails, but they are cut in a more janty style; the ears are very small, and cut far back; they are trimmed with ribbon only.

Those worn in half dress are of a round form in general, though some, composed of satin and net,

are mobs; these are ornamented with a profusion of blond or thread lace, and have either wreaths or bunches of flowers.

Toques do not appear to be at present in so much estimation for evening parties as they have been for some time. We have been accustomed to see them in a great variety of shapes, but now the one which we have given in our print is the only *toque* generally considered fashionable.

Turbans composed of silver spotted gauze and silver tissue are in much estimation; they are worn very low, and the Turkish form seems to predominate.

Small hats composed of white satin are much worn in full dress. One of the prettiest is the Elizabeth hat; it has a low yeoman crown, the four corners of which are ornamented with very small light tassels composed of pearls. A small front, of intermingled blond and satin, is looped in seven or eight places with pearl, and a long plume of beautiful white ostrich feathers is placed so as to fall over to the left side.

In half dress the hair is worn braided across the forehead, and in general but little displayed. Some ladies, however, wear, instead of braids, a few light ringlets on each temple; but the middle of the forehead is always bare.

The hair in full dress is now generally disposed in light corkscrew ringlets on the forehead. The hind hair is partly arranged in curls and bands; the curls are brought to the summit of the head, and confined by two or three bands of hair mixed with them; the remainder of the hind hair is generally platted and brought across the forehead.

For matronly ladies turbans or dress hats are in universal estimation; but pearl ornaments or flowers still continue to be adopted by unmarried and youthful *belles*.

Emeralds are much worn in full-dress jewellery; one of the most beautiful ornaments for the hair that we have lately seen, is a wreath of laurel-leaves composed of them.

Cornelian begins to be in some estimation in half dress; the most fashionable are those of mingled red and white: this sort of cornelian is peculiarly and generally becoming to the complexion.

Fashionable colours for the month are, all the light shades of green, lavender-colour, azure blue, lilac, and Spanish brown.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

Paris, March 20.

My dear Sophia,

Our out-door costume now consists entirely of spencers, which are worn with muslin dresses, or rich silk shawls thrown carelessly round the shoulders. Spencers still consist almost wholly of velvet, and black ones are esteemed the most fashionable. They are made always tight to the shape, the backs of a very moderate breadth, the waists very short, and the long sleeve rather tight; a short half-sleeve, made very full on the shoulder, and confined to the arm by a plain narrow band of velvet. There is a small collar, which is just seen

under the ruff; it closes at the throat, and the fronts fasten on the inside.

This spencer, though there is not the least novelty in its form, has yet a new and striking appearance, from the style in which it is trimmed: two rows of small gold buttons are set on at each side of the front, in such a manner as to form the bust in the shape of a heart; these buttons come from the shoulder on each side, and the spencer has no other trimming.

Within the last few days, however, some spencers have appeared composed of spotted silk, generally rose-colour and white, or else citron, or green, and white: these spencers are trimmed in the same manner as the velvet ones, but the buttons are silk, to correspond with the spots of the spencer.

The shawls are very large, of a rich substantial silk; they have always a beautiful border of flowers embroidered in the loom. The middle of the shawl is either white, citron, straw-colour, or pea-green, but white is considered most fashionable.

Our promenade dresses now are all composed of cambric or jaconot muslin: they are made in the plainest possible style. The skirts are finished round the bottom by eight or ten tucks, or else four or five rows of worked muslin or letting-in lace. For morning dress the bodies are high, and have small pelerine collars, which fall over so as to display the whole of the throat, and are generally edged with narrow lace. The body is loose, but confined at the waist by being gauged in three rows; these gaugings, which are nearly two inches in breadth, form the waist in a very pretty manner. The sleeve is long, it comes very far over the hand, and is nearly tight at the wrist; it is edged with a lace to correspond with the collar.

Velvet and black satin hats are much in favour for plain walking dress: the most fashionable have a very low round crown; the brim is enormously large in front, but of a moderate size at the sides; a puffing of blond is put on round the edge of the brim, and the hat is generally trimmed with ribbon only. These hats are put very far back on the head, so as to display the *cornette*, composed of *tulle* or clear muslin, which is worn underneath. *Cornettes* are considered by ladies of all ages as an indispensable appendage to plain walking dress.

Large bonnets are also in fashion for the dress promenade; they are composed of *gros de Naples*, satin, or crape, but the last is the highest in estimation. *Capotes*, which had declined exceedingly in favour, are now again worn; but I cannot say there is any novelty in their form.

Toque hats are upon the whole most fashionable for the dress promenade; they are always composed of satin and crape, or *gros de Naples* and crape, or fancy velvet and crape. They, as well as large bonnets and *capotes*, are generally ornamented with flowers; wreaths of hyacinths without leaves are most in favour, but bunches of lilac, of white and rose-coloured hyacinths and crocuses, are also in favour. Full plumes of Marabout feathers are also reckoned extremely tonish.

Let us now turn to the in-door costume. I have already spoken to you of morning dress: that worn for dinner, if for home parties, is composed of the same materials; if for a dinner of ceremony, spotted silk or India muslin is substituted, but the latter is highest in estimation. Silk dresses are made very low round the bust, which is usually finished with a pelerine of fine lace; the waist is very short, and is ornamented by a band of satin fastened in front by a gold or pearl clasp. The sleeves are generally long, and are decorated by a narrow roll of satin wound in a cork-screw manner round the arm. A profusion of narrow rouleaus of satin finish the bottom of the skirt. I must observe to you, that the satin always corresponds in colour with the dress; it is generally white, but one sees sometimes, though rarely, dresses composed of straw-colour or pale pink.

There is nothing in muslin dress which you would think pretty; they are also made low, tight to the shape, and are literally loaded with lace: the most fashionable have three serpentine flounces, the highest of which comes nearly to the knee. This unbecoming style of trimming is, however, only partially adopted, for lace is the only material with which dresses are trimmed high.

Gauze, crape, *tulle*, and white satin are all in estimation for evening dress. Ball dresses are composed only of gauze or *tulle;* satin and crape are more in estimation for full dress. I shall endeavour to describe to you one of the most elegant dresses, taken altogether, that I have seen since my residence here; it was worn at a party a few evenings since by a handsome young married lady, remarkable for the elegant taste with which she decorates her person.

A white satin round dress, made short enough to display a full trimming of quilled *tulle*, which ornamented the bottom of the slip. The body is made to the shape; the sleeve short and full, and finished at the bottom to correspond with the slip; each shoulder-strap is ornamented with a puffing of white satin placed across. At the bottom of the dress is a single rouleau of white satin, immediately above which is a drapery of *tulle*, which is looped in eight or nine places by small bunches of moss-roses; there are three in each bunch: this drapery is surmounted by two rouleaus of white satin.

The head-dress consisted of a half-garland of diamonds, which is, I think, the most beautiful ornament I ever saw; it consists of a number of sprigs, which are very low at each side, but higher in the middle: this garland was placed very far back on the summit of the head, and appeared to confine the hind hair. The front hair was disposed in ringlets, which fell thickly over each temple; and a wreath of roses, placed a little to one side, was brought round the head. I wish, my dear Sophia, I could give you any idea of the exquisitely beautiful effect of this dress altogether. I know, however, that your just taste will quarrel with the mixture of jewels and flowers in the hair, and I confess that I do not think it consistent; but it has, nevertheless, a most striking appearance, and is very fashionable.

Turbans composed of crape are much in favour; they are made also in silver gauze, and are ornamented with ostrich feathers and Marabouts. Dress caps composed of *tulle* are also much worn; they are always adorned with Marabout plumes. In very full dress, however, jewellery is much more worn than it has been for some time: the most fashionable ornaments now are the garlands I have described to you: those who cannot afford them in diamonds, wear pearl garlands. I have seen also some in coral, but these latter are not very general.

The hair in full dress is now worn in very light ringlets on the forehead, and low at the sides of the face. The hind hair is combed very tightly back, platted and brought up to the crown of the head, where it forms a moderate sized tuft. This fashion is generally becoming, but in all probability it will soon be at an end; for some *élégantes*, who lead the fashions, have been recently observed with the front hair combed entirely off the forehead, and a few corkscrew ringlets falling over each ear. I think you will agree with me, that it must be a very pretty face which this style of hair-dressing would not spoil.

Fashionable colours at present are, lilac, citron, rose-colour, and green.

Adieu, my dear Sophia! I have scarcely left myself space enough to tell you, that I am always your affectionate

EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

EARLY in April will be published, new plates of two whole-length Portraits of her Royal Highness Princess Charlotte and his Serene Highness Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, after the much-esteemed pictures by A. Chalon, R.A. engraved by Henry Meyer. The unprecedented demand which has been, and still continues to be, made for the engravings of the whole-length portraits of her late Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales and his Serene Highness Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, after the admired paintings of A. Chalon, R.A. renders it necessary, to satisfy the prevailing impatience to possess such acknowledged resemblances of these illustrious personages, to have new plates engraved by the same eminent artist who produced those which have already given such universal satisfaction. These are the only two whole-length portraits that have ever been engraved of those exalted personages from the favourite paintings which are in the possession of H. S. H. Prince Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld.

R. Ackermann will publish shortly, *A Topographical and Panoramic Survey of the Campagna di Roma*; with references to Geology, History, and Antiquities: illustrated by a topographical plan on an extended scale, and panoramic views referring to the plan, by Dr. F. C. L. Sickler, member of the Academy of Antiquities at Rome.

Mr. Ackermann has in the press, a translation from the German, *The History and Process of Lithography*,

or *The Art of printing Designs from Stone,* written by the inventor, Mr. Alois Sennefelder of Munich; illustrated with a series of specimens of lithographic art.

The publication of the Regent's Edition of the Latin Classics (somewhat retarded of late by accidental circumstances) will henceforth be prosecuted with vigour, zeal, and perseverance. Livy and Sallust are now in the press, under the editorial superintendence of Dr. J. Carey, to whom the public are already indebted for the Horace, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Martial, Cæsar, Tacitus, and the second edition of the Virgil with the *Opuscula,* recently published.

Dr. Carey has also in the press, *The Eton Latin Prosody illustrated,* with English explanations of the rules, and copious examples from the Latin poets.

Miss Croker's novel, entitled *The Question, Who is Anna?* will appear very soon.

The proprietors of Walkingame's Arithmetic have nearly ready for publication, *A Treatise on Algebra,* for the use of schools, upon the plan of, and intended to follow, that popular work in the course of instruction.

The Rev. Dr. J. Styles is editing *Juvenilia,* or *Specimens of the early Efforts as a Preacher of the late Rev. C. Buck;* to which are subjoined miscellaneous remarks, and an obituary of his daughter.

The Traveller's Guide down the Rhine, minutely describing the modes of conveyance, the picturesque scenery, and every other object that can interest a stranger, or facilitate his journey; illustrated by a large and correct map of the Rhine, by A. Schreiber, historiographer to his Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Baden, is in the press.

A *Romance* from the pen of Mrs. Isaacs, authoress of Tales of To-day, Ella St. Lawrence, &c. &c. is in the press, and will appear early in May next.

Mrs. Richardson is translating from the French of Madame de Sousaz, the interesting tale of *Eugenie et Matilde, ou Memoires de la Famille de Mons. de Revel.*

A Series of picturesque and interesting Views of the city of Paris, to be engraved from drawings made on the spot by Mr. F. Nash, accompanied with letter-press descriptions, is preparing for publication.

Mr. W. Carey has collected materials for a *Life* of the late unfortunate engraver *James Summerfield,* a pupil of Bartolozzi; with critical observations on his works.

Mr. Carey is also preparing for the press, *A Biographical Sketch of B. R. Haydon, Esq.* the historical painter; with a critical review of his paintings, and some notice of his essays in the public journals.

Mr. Sotheby will submit to the public the following collections during the present season:

1. The entire and very valuable stock of Mr. De Boffe, retiring from business; containing a very large proportion of the best works in history, voyages and travels, mathematics, botany, natural history, medicine, poetry and plays, the fine arts, politics, military and naval tactics, &c. &c.

2. The entire and genuine library of a foreigner of distinction: consisting of some works of early typography, printed on vellum; a

fine collection of classics; many expensive works on natural history; several of the galleries and books of prints; Italian and Spanish literature; some choice and finely illuminated manuscripts, and other splendid works from Malmaison.

3. The duplicates of a nobleman's library.

4. The extensive and choice collection of drawings and prints of the late Matthew Michell, Esq. of Grove-House, Enfield. This valuable collection comprises the most estimable specimens of drawings, of ancient and modern artists; also, the finest productions of every engraver of distinguished talents, from the origin of the art to the present time; particularly, a matchless collection of the works of Marc Antonio Buonafoni, &c.; splendid gallery works, a large collection of books of prints, and several superb portfolios with leaves, &c. &c.

5. The small and elegant library of an eminent divine, deceased.

6. The duplicate books of the British Museum.

7. The library of the late Thomas Cogan, M. D. together with his music, musical instruments, paintings, philosophical instruments, the Royal Society apparatus, &c. &c.

8. An extraordinary collection of tracts on the Reformation, published between the years 1517 and 1550, by Luther, Melanchton, Spalatinus, Carolstadt, Oecolampadius, Urbanus, Regius, Zwingle, and many others: the whole arranged in chronological order, comprising 1674 tracts.

Poetry.

A Parody on Burns' *Elegy on the Death of Poor Maillie,*

Occasioned by the Demise of a favourite Cat.

Lament in frosts, lament in snows,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose,
Poor Pussey's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead;
The grand sum total of her woes,
Poor Flora's dead.

It's no the loss o' this warl's gear
That could frae P—t—r draw the tear,
Or mak his noddle's front appear
Crimp'd up abreed;
He's lost his friend and faithfu' dear
In Flora dead.

Frae room to room she trotted by him,
A lang, lang way she could descry him,
Wi' kindly mews when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed;
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than Flora dead.

Her braw red collar *plainly shew'd*
Wi' *letter'd* lore she was endow'd,
Ne'er sic in kittlin's brains was stow'd,
Or fill'd the need
Of mony else and bigger pow'd,
Than Flora dead.

O a' ye bards about the town,
And wha' on cats your chanters tune,
Come join the melancholious croon
O' P—t—r's reed!
His heart will never get aboon
His Flora dead.

Homogenes.

Dec. 1817.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.